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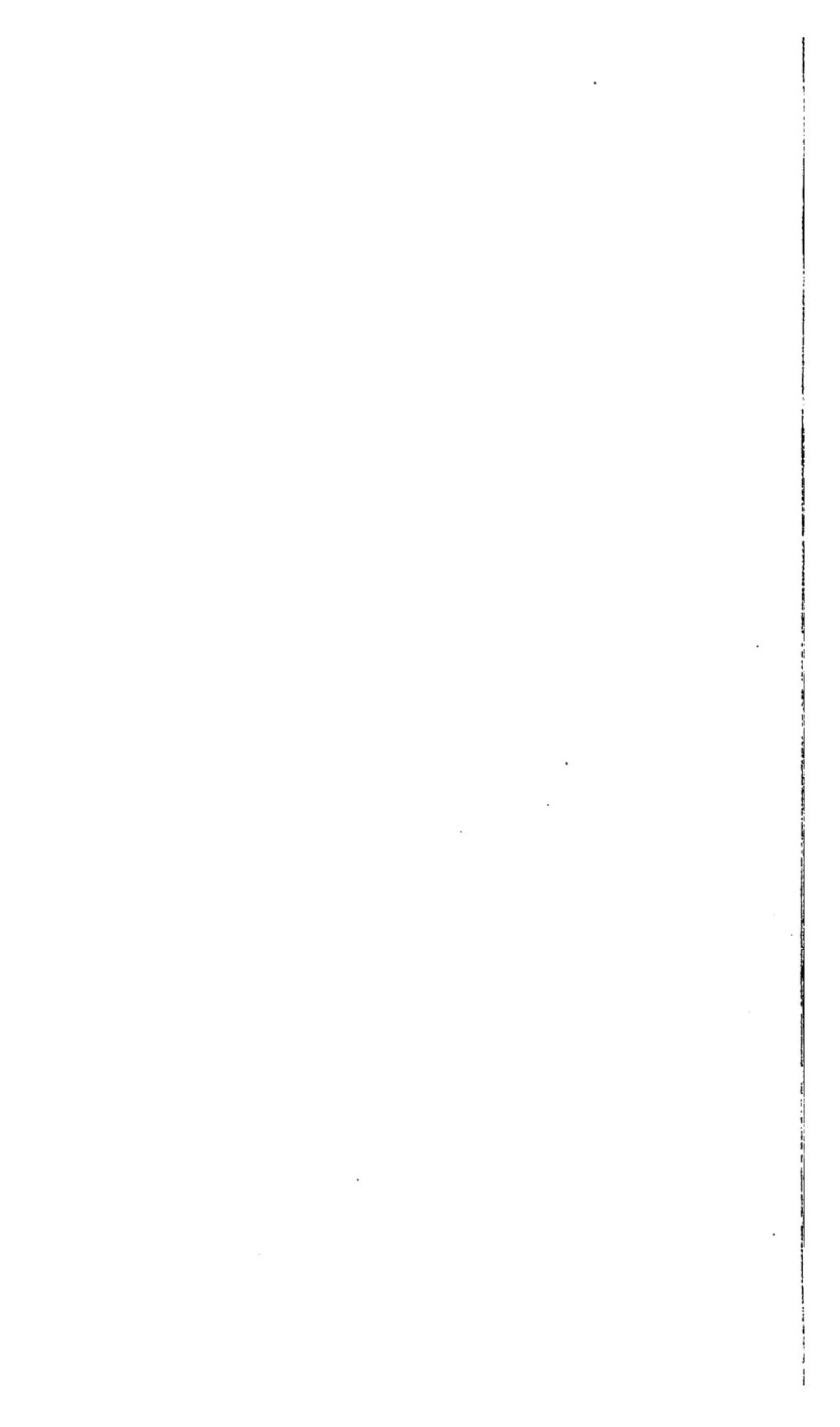
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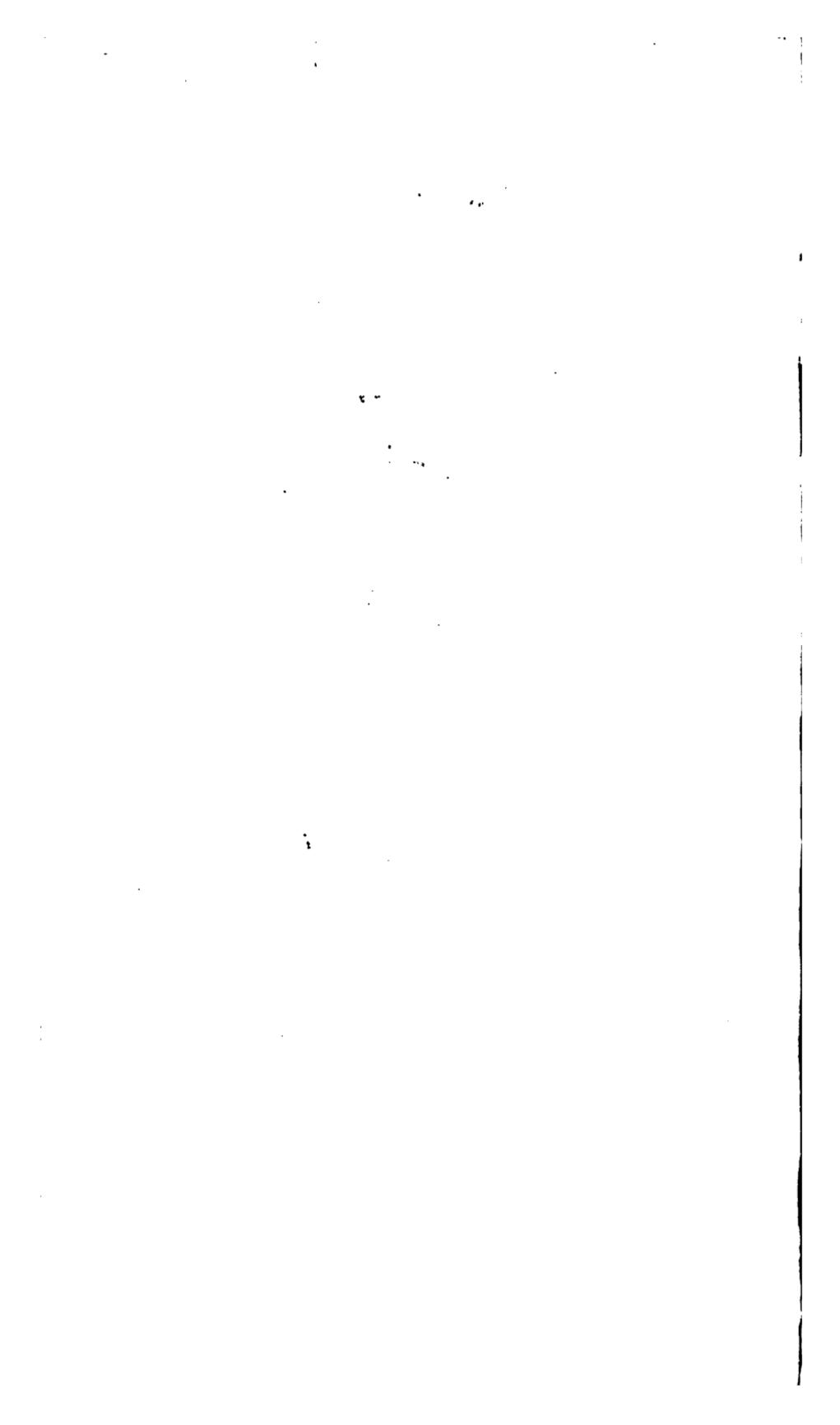
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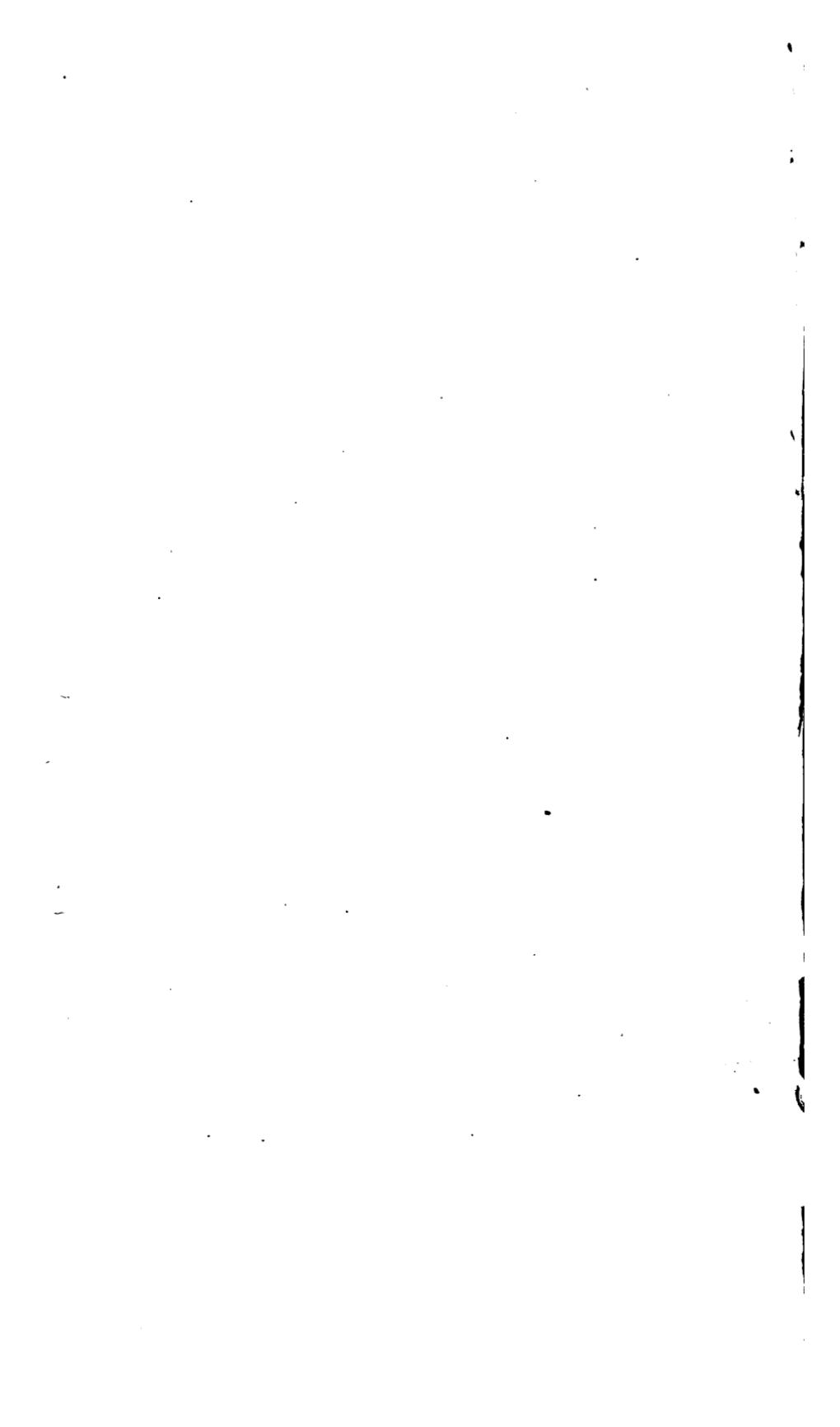




W.C. Bryant Esq.
from his much obliged
very humble servant
The Author.

Pickering

London



THE

RUINS OF PÆSTUM:

AND OTHER

COMPOSITIONS IN VERSE.

*'Tuning my song unto a tender muse,
And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have only play'd.'* Spenser's Virgil's Gnat.

Salem: Massachusetts.

PUBLISHED BY CUSHING AND APPLETON.

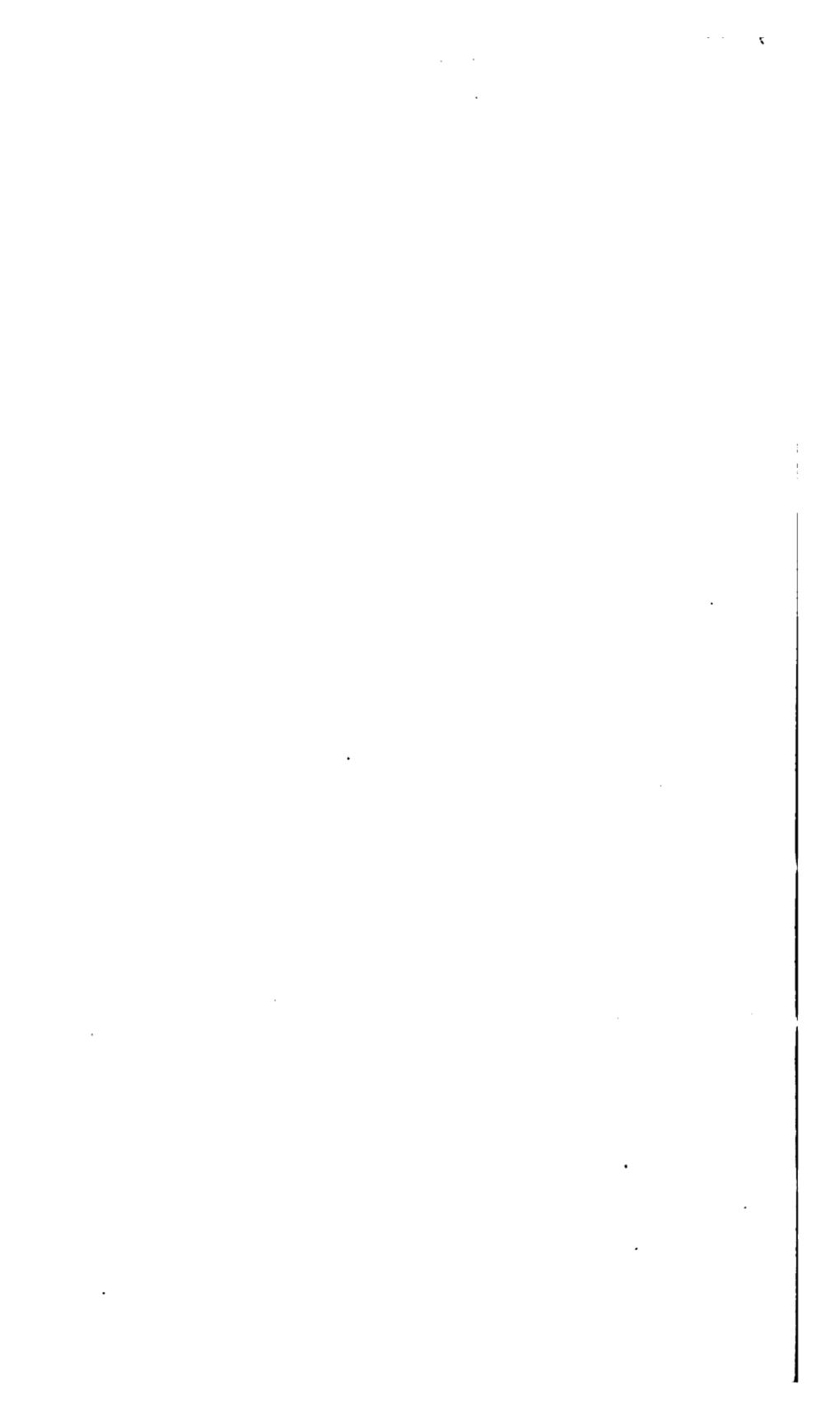
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DECEMBER, 1822.

THE
RUINS OF PÆSTUM.



THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

HAIL! glorious vestiges of ancient art,
Ye proud memorials of an age unknown,
That here, sav'd from the wreck of envious Time,
In solitary grandeur awful stand.—
Say whence your origin?—and whose the hand
(If mortal hand immortal works could rear)
That fix'd your deep foundations in the earth,
Your mighty walls constructed firm, and rais'd
Stupendous to the sky, your columns huge!
Perchance in dawn of time, some giant race
Dwelt here—some Cyclopean arm here tol'd!
Perchance some patron god the work devis'd,
And rais'd with hand invisible these piles!
—Spirits of air (if such there be) and ye,
Shades of a pristine race, who fondly deem'd
Their fame imperishable as their works,
My reverent invocation deign to hear!

In accents loud proclaim ye their renown,
 And to posterity bequeath their names.
 What!—will no voice beneficent reply?
 None, from the echoing ground, or vocal air,
 Gracious vouchsafe response, to mortal ear
 Intelligible? Alas, 'tis silence all!
 Nought interrupts the deep serene, which here
 This azure heaven, earth, air and sky pervades—
 Save that along yon winding pebbly shore
 Is heard the ripple of the dying wave;
 Or, that anon the breeze which rustles o'er
 The heath, or sighs these mould'ring heaps among,
 In mournful cadence sinks upon the heart.

O man, how strange a destiny is thine!
 As the bright arch which spans th' ethereal bow,
 A moment glitters, and as quickly fades,
 So evanescent is thy course! And yet,
 Though constant tott'ring on the brink of fate,
 Thou think'st, presumptuous, to live forever:
 And, all unmindful of thy destin'd skies,
 Aim'st at an immortality below!
 Thus by the living, for themselves (absurd!)

... J Q V M

Thus mighty fabrics for th' unconscious dead,
 Are rear'd; but quickly from their courts august
 (Witness yon gorgeous pile where Hadrian slept)
 The silent inmates, at whose nod the world
 Was wont to tremble, fearless are expell'd.
 Thus rocks on rocks in bulk enormous rise:
 And thus thy proud remains, O PÆSTUM, here
 Majestic now salute the wondering view.
 But all in vain, fond man! ‘Of dust thou art,
 And unto dust,’ so reads thy doom severe,
 ‘Shalt quick return?’ Nor shall thy glorious works,
 Thy monuments sublime, based on the rock
 Of ages, long thy own frail wreck survive.
 For when thy arm, though impotent to save,
 Has spar'd— thee and the labours of thy hands,
 Earthquakes have deep ingulf'd, volcanoes whelm'd,
 Or Heaven's inexorable wrath o'erthrown.

'Tis said, and not improbable the tale,
 That sturdy pilgrims from Phœnicia's strand,
 (Reputed fathers of the Dorian line)
 Whose prows adventurous the midland main
 Had oft subdu'd, and through th' Herculean streights

The double prey, and proudly perch'd on high!
 And here a thousand years he plumed his wings;
 Till from his lofty eyry, tempest tost,
 And impotent through age, headlong he plung'd,
 While nations shudder'd as they saw him fall.

For from the gloomy north, o'ershadowing wide
 The earth, hungry as Death, the vulture brood
 On blacken'd pinions borne, descended swift,
 And gorg'd in vain their appetite for blood;
 Which, glutted once, insatiate crav'd for more.
 Then peal'd th' affrighted shores, from Albion's cliffs
 Far south to Calpe's towering heights, and thence
 E'en to the deep Euphrates' banks remote,
 With mingled shouts of horrour and despair.
 The while mid terrible combustion, clouds
 And darkness palpable, and whirlwind blasts,
 Dread Ruin, swell'd to giant port immense,
 O'er the whole earth stalk'd hideous: and now
 At length, devoted city, furious strode
 O'er thee! crushing with wrath unmitigable
 Thy towers and temples, and thy fairest works
 Of art. And now 'a night, a double night

Of darkness and of shade,' involv'd the world,
And thee in deepest gloom forever wrapt.

Yet boots it not to learn the mighty arm
By which these wondrous works were rear'd on high,
Enough for me to know that here, amid
The dreary waste, where once a city stood,
Glitt'ring in marble pride, in arts and arms,
And now where the unwieldy buffalo
Awkward disports, or wily serpent darts
Unwelcome o'er the lonely wanderer's path,
(Quick startling him from reverie profound)
Successive generations constant toil'd
From age to age, and multiplied in vain.
They and the monuments of all their toils
(Such O mysterious Providence thy will)
Or turn'd to dust, and scatter'd by the winds,
Or here in undistinguish'd ruin lie.
And thus like ocean's wave, the mighty tide
Of population still impetuous rolls—
Thus like the refluent wave, it back recoils,
And desolation saddens all the scene.

Extinct, indeed, the race : yet why affirm
 Presumptuous, they liv'd in vain ? They all
 Were men, and God the father of mankind
 From first. Was happiness for later times
 Alone reserv'd ? and they in dawn of light
 Denied the blessings of this riper age ?
 Ah ! no : those times primeval, fabling bards,
 And men more wise than bards, lamenting term
 The only blissful days—the age of gold !
 When redolent of joy, like buxom youth,
 The world exulted in its new-born strength,
 And knew nor lassitude, nor care, nor pain.
 O visionary bliss ! enchanting dream !

Thou who dost mournful linger on this spot,
 Deep wrapt in holy musings of the past,
 Call up the myriads now who here repose—
 (Alas ! what voice shall wake them from their sleep
 Profound ? what but the angel's clarion loud !)—
 And question them the story of their lives.
 Their lips are seal'd ! yet, (O believe the muse)
 Their lot was little different from thine own.
 For could the dead articulate, what notes

Of joy unfeign'd---what cries exultant still
The ambient air would fill! though mingled oft
(For Sorrow from the first to Joy was wed)
With sighs and tears, the eloquence of grief.
Could they but speak, what tales they might reveal!
What scenes of revelry, and what, indeed,
Of wo, could they unveil! They witness'd all:
How Industry, stern nurse of virtue, here
At first laborious toil'd, and wide around
Content and happiness and health diffus'd:
How, secret, like the insidious worm that steals
The rose within, and riots there unseen,
Fell Luxury, in clouds of incense veil'd,
Crept from her fragrant bowers, and, breathing soft,
Touch'd with her lip envenom'd the pure fount
Of life, and tainted all its lucid waves.
Yet ever and anon, some godlike man
With sage Experience by his side, behold
Appear! to stem Corruption's torrent tide,
And save the tott'ring fortunes of the state.
How have the Passions too, of nobler, or
Ignobler kind, here oft tumultuous rul'd!
Exalting some to glorious deeds, to love

Of wisdom, virtue, and beneficence :
 In some, ‘the fond of peace,’ (like him the bard
 Who mournful sang on Ouse’s sedgy banks)
 Instilling soft whate’er of loveliness
 The soul delights, or soothes the heart of man :
 But in the many, inspiring envy oft,
 Irregular desires, or lust of gold,
 Or base ingratitude, or deadliest hate.

Then what domestic happiness was here !
 How bless’d the parent—how much more the child !
 The child (O blissful state !) unconscious yet
 Of ills to come—pure as the dews distill’d
 From heav’n into the opening violet—
 And ardent breathing, flush’d with roseate health,
 Delight ineffable, and rapturous joy.
 And, ah ! how oft has sorrow pierc’d the hearts
 Of mothers wailing for their offspring dead,
 Whose graves the blossoms of the infant year
 Adorn’d ! and how have tears, at each return
 Of eve or morn, constant bedew’d the turf
 Where mouldering the endeared mothers lay !
 And by the twinkling light of star, or moon’s

Pale beam—that moon whose mellow light now wraps
 This shadowy scene, subduing all to peace—
 What thousand amorous vows in secret here
 Were pledg'd—reciprocated vows—oft times
 Conferring bliss, but oft dissolv'd in air !
 And such is man ! through every age the same :
 Such then as now. Awhile 'twixt grief and joy
 His feverish being trembling is upheld ;
 Then quickly sinks, and in oblivion fades.

But, though the feet which here successive trod,
 No traces on the sacred soil have left,
 Yet some few monuments of sculptur'd art,
 O Time ! in seeming mockery thou hast spar'd—
 Spar'd but to mark the havock thou hadst made.
 Lo ! where in pillar'd and primeval pomp,
 (The proud coevals of Imperial Rome²)
 Dark, silent, and majestic—lo ! where rise
 Yon colonnades in Doric pride severe.
 Them as he lonely wanders o'er the heath
 Or pensive sits beneath their cooling shade,
 The simple shepherd deems the uncouth work,
 Of foul enchanters ! But to Wisdom's eye,

Each column, frieze, and pediment sublime,
Thus gradually the whole compacting strong,
Not one memorial of their lives have left!
Nor they alone unknown: Compatriots too,
And they that followed in the mortal chase,
The victors and the vanquish'd, all forgot!
While she, the Power whom ignorant they ador'd,
Pale Superstition (once not seen morose,
Nor gorg'd with blood of human victim) loath'd
Of heaven and earth, inexorable still
Her leaden sceptre o'er these realms extends.
But here within these consecrated bounds
Her blinded votaries are found no more;
For she with hellish purpose has usurp'd
The purer temples of the living God,
And reckless, these her most majestic fanes,
To desolation and neglect consigns.
Yet thou, O sullen Power, age after age,
Th' insensate crowd hast seen, obstrep'rous throng,
Though desert now, these sanctuaries proud.
While as the humour seiz'd, the welkin rung
With pæans to the Ruler of the waves,
The patron God—to Jove the Thunderer nam'd—

To golden hair'd Apollo (still invok'd
 By every muse—by mine alone in vain)
 Or to the soft eyed deity, whom gods
 Not less than men intuitive ador'd.

But from these vestiges august, I turn
 Reluctant, to survey th' extended scene—
 A scene how desolate! O'er the vast plain
 (Once press'd by countless multitudes) on which
 The sun, in his meridian height, imperfect
 Shed through th' innumerable and shadowy streets
 That travers'd it, a soften'd day, the eye
 Wanders in vain. Save that low lengthen'd line
 Of moss-grown wall, the haughty rampart once
 In times remote, of this fair city—where
 Contending foes, besiegers and besieg'd,
 Oft rush'd tumultuous to the bloody fray—
 Nought meets the melancholy view! The rest
 Is but a waste; with here and there a mound,
 (O'er which the bramble mournful waves, in sign
 Of desolation) form'd by fabric vast
 In ruin sunk, basilica, or fane,
 Or theatre, all whelm'd beneath the soil!

These were thy boast, O man! but what shall yon
Majestic work destroy? Who from 'mid heav'n,
To which thy misty tops ascend, Alburnus,³
Shall tumble thee to earth? what but the might
Of Him who firmly placed thee where thou art,
And said, 'be fix'd! till time shall be no more.'

Dream'd they, the founders of these structures vast,
Who for eternity had haply built,
That Nature here should one day reassume
Her empire over Art?—that ocean's god,
The tutelary god, should his own seat
Forsake?⁴—that here upon this hallow'd spot,
Where myriads throng'd, the pilgrim now alone
Should fondly seek their history to unveil—
Should sorrowing seek what still eludes his view!
But be not unappeas'd, indignant shades!
The mighty walls, indeed, which here inshrin'd
Those glorious works, soon humbled to their base,
Shall, like the palaces and fanes august,
Forever disappear! Yet Nature here,
In youth's perpetual bloom shall still survive—
The hills still echo to the shepherd's song—

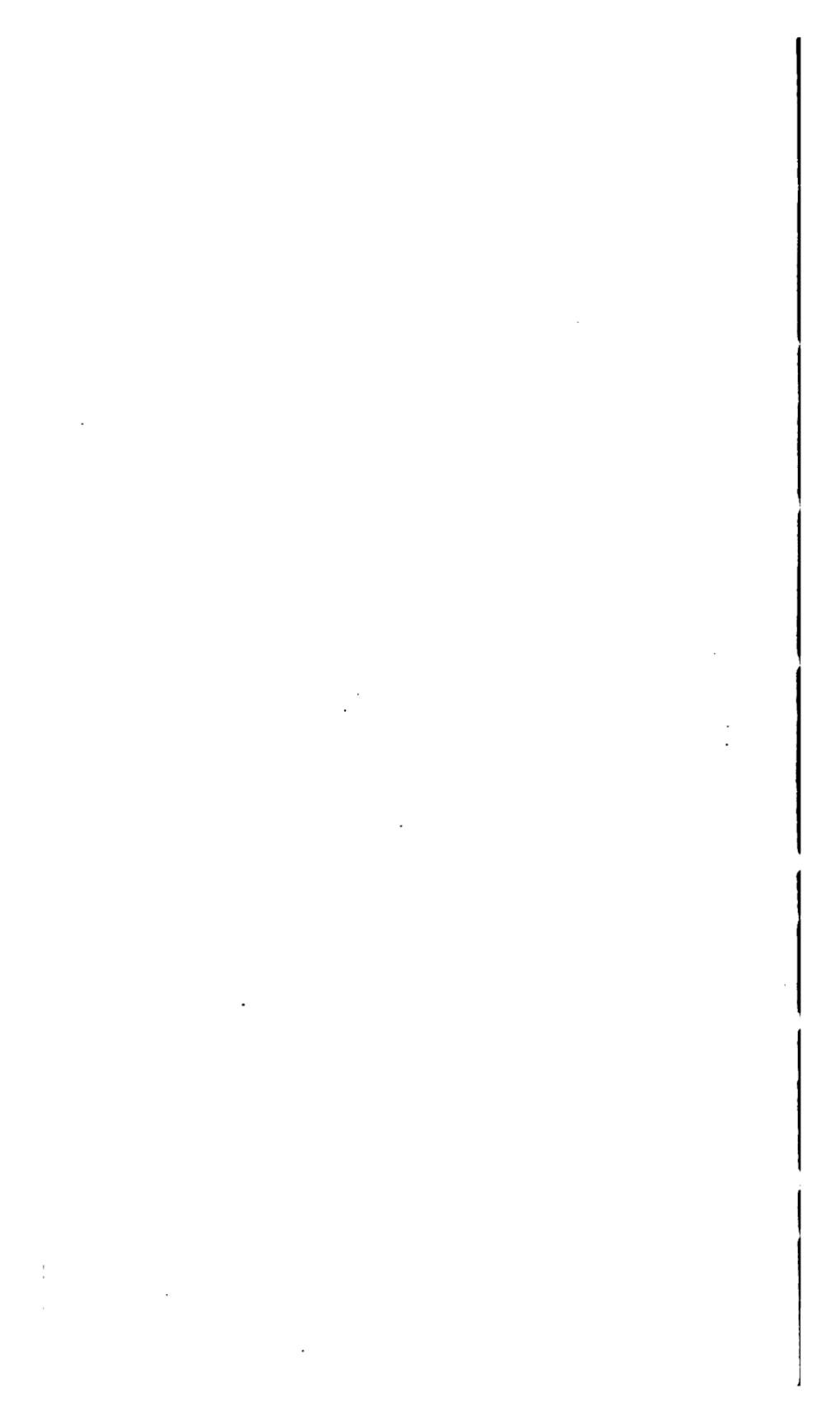
The groves, the green retreats of happier times,
 Still lift their sacred tops amid the heavens—
 And still these streams shall flow, though not as once
 Symphonious to the sound of Doric reed.
 Here too amid the waste, with blush of morn,
 Breathing Sabean sweets, still lonely blooms,
 And shall forever bloom, thy lovely rose,
O PESTUM!^s Here each votary too of art
 Shall glad resort, and gazing on thy proud
 Remains, confess (though all, indeed, unknown)
 Confess the hands which made them were divine.
 And when the setting sun, with lingering beams,
 No more these mouldering columns shall illume,
 But all their glories prostrate shall be laid—
 E'en then the pious wanderer on these shores
 Shall point exulting to the desert spot,
 And to the skies proclaim, that here, the source
 Of all that is in art sublime, was found.

My Country! thou whose destiny august
 Some few revolving years must clear unveil,
 Shall monuments like these, (except in their
 Decay) thy happier shores in time adorn?
 And wilt thou one day be of Arts the nurse,

As thou of statesmen and of heroes art?
I know thou wilt. But when shall that day come?
When shall the home-sick mariner from afar
Descry upon thy promontories bold,
And sea-beat coasts, the colonnade sublime,
Glittering like Pharos in the moon's bright beams?
When shall thy isles their temples boast, and when
Thy groves majestic, to the favoured few
Reveal the sculptur'd glories they o'ershade?
When 'mid thy Parian quarries shall be seen
The marble wonder starting into life?
When too, to honour thy illustrious sons,
Shall Genius bid the glowing canvass breathe?
And when, O when, shall bards like those of old,
To distant times their deathless names convey?
Yet come it will! the day already dawns!
I see its bright precursors—rosy clouds,
And beams effulgent from th' horizon wide,
Quite to the zenith shot. And look! e'en now
It trembles on the sea's broad verge—now mounts—
O glorious view! The conscious ocean smiles—
Wave their high tops the pines—the vales rejoice—
And grateful nations hail th' eternal day!

ENDA MOHATINK,

An Indian Tale.



ENDA MOHATINK.

ROUND the tall summits of the distant hills,
The towering heights of Abenagi, slow
Wreath'd the light clouds fantastic; till the sun,
Gath'ring unwonted strength, their airy forms
Dispell'd, and shot into the vales beyond
His paly beams. 'Twas on that dubious morn
That Nitis, daughter of a race contemn'd,
(Now like autumnal leaves, before the blast
Wide scatter'd—or, like snow flake saturate
With blood by ruthless archer shed, dissolv'd
Away) in wayward mood prepar'd to leave
Her shelter'd vale, and seek the distant isles
By Susquehannah lav'd; where yet secure
From Europe's sordid sons, their deadliest foes,
Her friends, the children of the forest, dwelt.
Brown Autumn now towards Winter stern advanc'd
Apace; but tepid airs and sky serene,

The Indian's summer⁷ delighted to prolong,
 And seem'd to promise still more happy days.
 O semblance fair! illusive too, as fair!
 As thou, too late, unhappy Nitis, found'st.

Within her cabin's door (cabin of bark
 Torn from the rugged trunk of towering pine—
 Rude and inartificial, yet containing
 Hearts not less proud or warm than those whose blood
 In paler currents flows) she stood; the while
 Soft blowing from the west, the breeze amid
 Her sable locks play'd sportive, and inspir'd
 A balmy vigour in her anxious soul.
 Yet chilling doubts arose; she fain would go,
 But fear'd th' immeasurable wild to tempt:
 And shrunk in fancy from th' unpitying blast,
 Or foe more cruel, prowling wolf, or bear
 Rapacious, or (insidious springing from
 His lair) the panther fell. Around she look'd;
 But forests, endless as the mighty chain
 Which Abenagi stretches o'er the land,
 And deep imbrown'd, or (sadder still) despoil'd
 Of all their verdant glories, met the view.

But urg'd by friendship, more by love, perchance,
 Impell'd, (for love and friendship Heaven infus'd
 In Indian bosoms too, though harsh to some
 May sound the truth unwelcome) she resolv'd
 To quit the sunny vale, now mournful grown,
 And with her offspring lov'd, the boundless wilds
 To cross, beyond whose hills, the laughing isles,
 (In gay imagination often seen)
 Were plac'd: and where she hop'd once more to find
 Him who had listen'd to her virgin sighs,
 The partner of her youth---who, long since lost,
 Yet in her faithful bosom cherish'd liv'd.

Fearful, and shrinking as by stealth away
 From those with whom the rosy hours of youth,
 On wings of hope had fled, she went: while by
 Her side, wild bounding like the fawn that crops
 The flow'ry herb, of danger heedless, they
 For whom unwonted anxious thoughts alarm'd
 Her breast maternal, now ran sportive on.
 Thus journey'd they for many a mile, through brake
 And tangled thicket; rapid stream, or bog
 Fallacious, cross'd, and rocky eminence

Oft scal'd—**to toils like these from boyhood soft,**
To manhood's sterner age, accustom'd: till
At length upon a distant mount, o'er which
The tempest late had swept, and prostrate laid
The monarch oak, and all of subject growth,
Weary and sad the pilgrim train arriv'd.

No joy obstrep'rous now was heard; but mute
They sat them down, while Nitis mournful view'd
The little band (by busy thoughts unvex'd)
And trembled for their fate. With wistful eye
Her cabin's site the mother anxious sought,
But sought in vain: for that, with all the vale,
Appear'd but as a speck amidst the dark
Umbrageous forests stretch'd beneath their feet;
Through which, now hid, now glistening in the beams
Of the departing sun, that lurid shone,
Ohio's parent streams irriguous flow'd,
And in th' horizon distant seem'd to meet,
And pour their floods into the azure heaven.
Prospect how vast! and solitude how drear!
How, too, unlike the scene which now appears!
Britain and Gaul not then in conflict dire

Had stain'd that sylvan vale with christian gore;
 Nor Washington the gallant Braddock there
 From ruthless foe heroic sav'd, though sav'd
 In vain. And on that solitary spot
 On which the sun impress'd his beams (all else
 'A boundless contiguity of shade')
 And where sad Nitis' lingering eyes were fix'd,
 Now an aspiring city stands, and sees
 Reflected in those streams its domes and walls,
 And lists of Industry the ceaseless clang.

But banish'd soon from Nitis' fearful breast
 All thoughts of home, and dread of evils more
 Remote; for now, by hunger and fatigue
 At once oppress'd, her children eager sue
 For food; which she, with fond maternal haste,
 (Ven'son or maize, or shelly fruits) displays.
 Meanwhile, within the cavity of tree
 Uptorn, whose roots, extending wide, and smooth
 Beneath, a natural canopy afford,
 She with the tender branch of hemlock, or
 Of pine, a humble bed prepares, where soon
 Her little family, herself with them,
 In sleep profound forget their toils and cares.

Dark was the night, and on the morrow's dawn
The gathering clouds portended soon a storm.
They rose, and hastily their rude repast
Partook ; but, struck with dread, Nitis knew not
Which way her steps should lead, her home far off,
But farther still the spot she wish'd to gain.
O had she now return'd, what horrors dire
She had escap'd ! But onward led by fate
They pass'd, and at the close of day (a day
Of gloom, foreboding ills to come) within
The hollow of an oak decay'd, sorrowing
They nestled all. The light once more return'd :
But, ah ! how fell their hopes, when, waking, they
Descry'd each object, earth, hills, trees and rocks
In snow all deep involv'd ! Disastrous sight !
Or to retreat, or to remain, alike
Impossible were now. Adventurous then
With faltering feet they urge their dubious way,
Though thousand obstacles their speed retard,
And, 'mid the driving storm, at length arrive,
Toil worn, and 'neath accumulating ills
Fast sinking, at the river's brink they sought.
But there no isles were seen ! By icy breath

Of chilling winter suddenly congeal'd,
 The stream forgot to flow ; and what was late
 A limpid wave, seem'd now a winding vale,
 With one broad sheet of snow invested deep,
 Through which the tempest unrelenting swept.

The wretched travellers their dread abode
 Here fix'd; to each the mother meting out,
 At lengthened intervals, a scanty pittance :
 Content, so that her children still surviv'd,
 With less herself. But day succeeded day,
 And on the famish'd group no ray of hope
 Once dawn'd; for buried in the deep'ning snows,
 The parent sees, appall'd, her little store
 Exhausted soon: while with redoubled cries
 Her children beg for sustenance in vain.
 And now the thought (O horrour!) pierced her breast
 That one must die, the rest from death to save.
 But whose the hand to give the impious blow?
 And which the victim for a feast so fell?
 She dares no longer doubt: the mortal wound
 Nit is herself, with bleeding heart, must give !
 But Heaven, that witness'd all—the mother's tears,

Her doubts and pangs, dismay and black despair,
 Alone can know the anguish of that hour.
 Wild cries of horrour rent the ambient air,
 While from the youngest bosom flow'd apace.
 The vital stream : but hunger, ruthless grown,
 Quick urg'd th' abhorrd repast. Alas ! e'en this,
 So loath'd a food, too soon was all consum'd ;
 And death, with aspect fell, again seem'd near.
 Two still were left : could one of these but die—
 The thought, though oft repell'd, as oft return'd !
 Yet how in blood again her hands imbrue ?

Haggard and wan, the shadow of herself,
 Dread Famine's archetype, she frantic stands,
 And now the Mighty Spirit loud invokes,
 To end the mother's and the children's woes,
 Or wrest them instant from their frightful doom—
 Now, in the deeper accents of despair,
 The forest with her shrieks she fills once more.
 But all in vain ! for Heaven no token yet
 Of pity had vouchsaf'd to give, but wide
 The world in elemental strife involv'd.
 While through the forest drear, which bent beneath

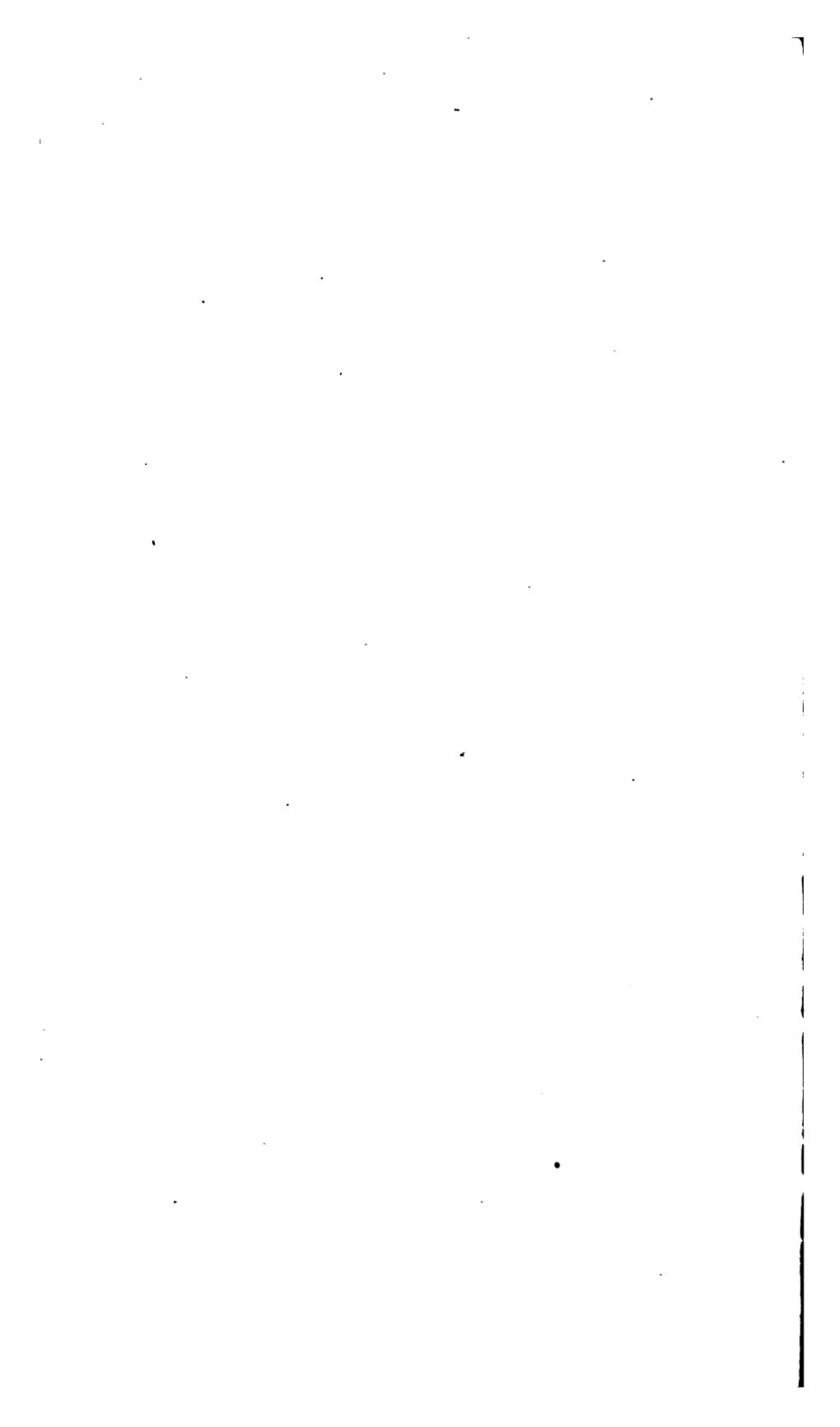
Th' accumulated snow, that whelm'd the earth,
 And all egress imperative forbade,
 The blackening tempest roar'd, and hill and dale
 The dismal sounds reverberated deep.
 Sudden horrific, 'mid the uproar wild,
 A note more fell than winter's angry voice
 Her ear invades ! for, by the blood allur'd
 Of infant slain—slain by a mother's hand—
 (For kindred mouths unnatural repast !)
 The wolves, a ravenous herd, loud and more loud,
 Howl'd hideous, and now furious pour'd in view.

O wretched woman ! 'mid th' appalling scene,
 What could'st thou do ? lo ! piteous at thy feet
 Thy last born mangled lay ; before thee stood
 Thy trembling progeny, emaciate, (once
 Sweet solace of thy happier hours) and crav'd
 Importunate the food thou could'st not give,
 Since all was now (dread cateress !) consum'd.
 While fierce around the clamorous herd op'd wide
 Their ravening jaws, threatening, at each remove,
 To seize the timorous prey. 'Twas then, and not
 Till then, resistlessly impell'd alike

By famine and despair, (forgive, O Heaven !
 The barbarous aim) that, like the furious dame
 Whom Jason scorn'd, she seiz'd the murderous steel
 T' infix it deep within her children's breasts !
 But instant stay'd the stroke, and back recoil'd—
 What madness to delay ! Strike, Nitis, strike !
 O impotent of soul ! she dreads the blow.
 Blest Heav'n ! 'twas love, a mother's love, forbade ;
 For both she might not kill—yet which to choose ?
 The choice how hard ! necessity how dire !
 On each she gaz'd, on each alternate gaz'd,
 Dubious where deepest fix'd the parent's love,
 And doubtful still to aim the murderous blow.
 They, not unmindful of her dread intent,
 (Taught by the past what fate they should expect)
 By famine pinch'd, and shrinking all aghast
 Before their savage foes, that closer prest,
 Besought her quick the mental strife to end,
 That with their lives their agony should cease.

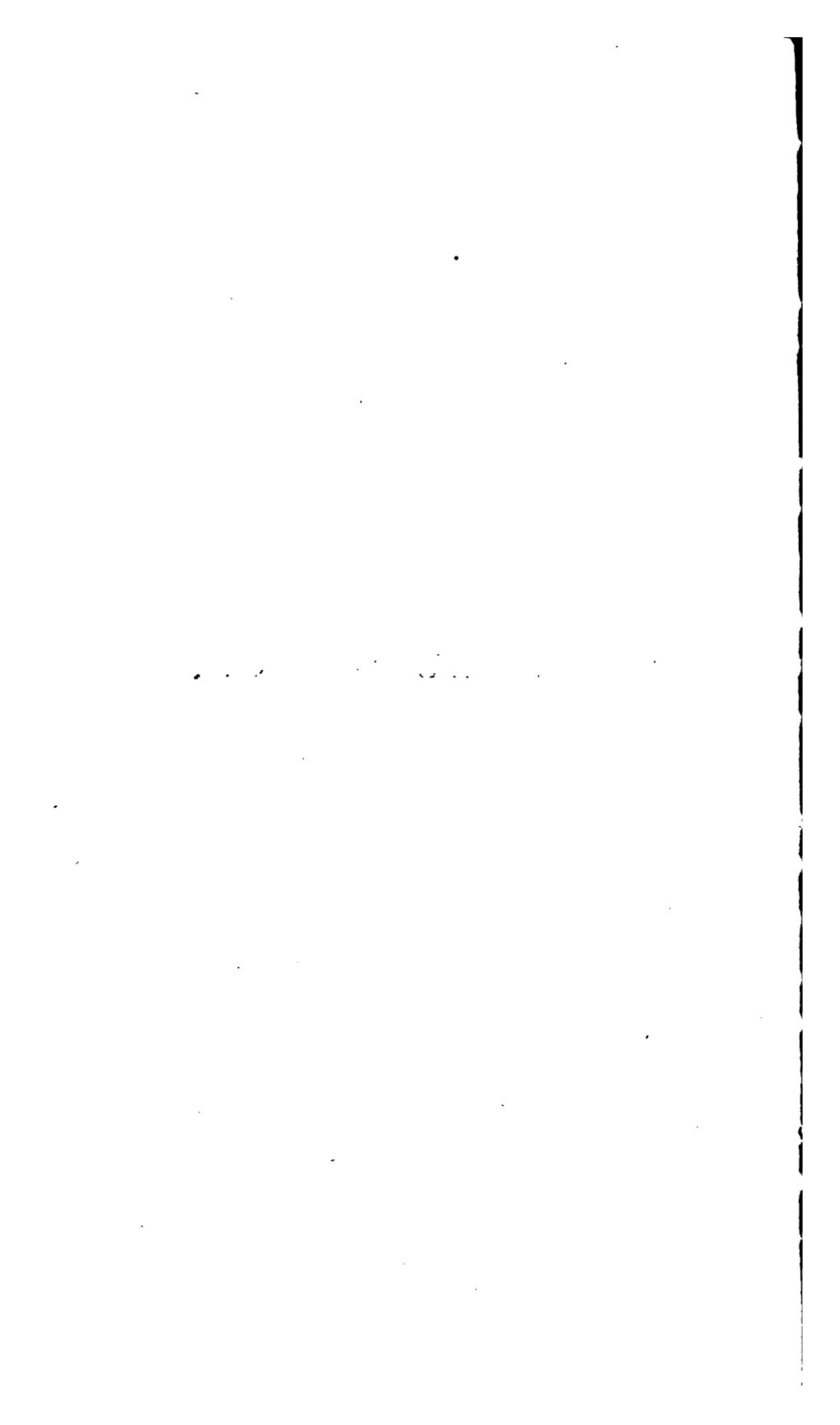
And now the moment of their doom was come !
 She paus'd no more ; but with averted head,
 Indifferent where to strike, and raising high

With fell intent her trembling arm, had dealt
Th' unerring death—when, lo, a shout was heard !
And instant, like the Patriarch's palsied arm,
Hers nerveless dropt ; while, with a piteous shriek,
Breathless she sunk upon the ground beneath.
But soon to light and life she wak'd once more :
For now the brothers of a kindred tribe,
Mysterious mov'd to scour the trackless wild,
Instinctive sought the melancholy spot,
And instant rescued from impending fate
The wretched mother and her hapless sons.



THE

DESERTED WRECK.



THE DESERTED WRECK.

Now day declin'd ; the sun, deep crimson'd o'er,
Was sinking fast below the verge of heaven :
While gathering clouds from 'neath the ocean's brim
As fast uprose, till, in the zenith met,
The blacken'd sky seem'd one united mass,
(To every ray of the departing sun
Impervious grown) and settled night at once
With raven wing involv'd the gloomy world.
Meantime the thunder's mutterings, low but deep,
Were heard afar ; and flashes pale anon
The dreary welkin tremulous illum'd,
While from their hyperborean caves (where long
They lay enchain'd) escap'd, the winds rude lash'd
The angry waves, o'er which the vessel safe
Buoyant still rode ; and still her gallant course
Perchance had kept, but by a fiercer gust
The swelling sails were instant rent ; and thus,

Ungovernable all, the helpless bark
Before the gale resistlessly was driven.

Aghast the pilot stood ! and wistful threw
His eyes around, some omen fortunate
In hope to see ; but could not yet predict
The termination of the dismal scene.
Nor could he then foresee (how vain foreseen!)
The wretched destiny of all on board.
But long their dubious fate was not conceal'd ;
For quick the gale to frightful tempest swell'd,
And far around, the heavens in uproar wild,
Astonish'd and appall'd, they saw : while all
Beneath seem'd but a liquid gulph of fire,
Wide yawning now towhelm them in its flood—
And now, to Alpine heights uprais'd, they seem'd
Amid the clouds to hold their troubled course.
Loud peal'd the deafening thunder o'er their heads,
As if, hurl'd sudden from their orbits wide,
Conflicting worlds in mighty strife were deep
Involv'd; while rush'd impetuous adown
The lurid sky incessant streams of fire,
That flash'd around ‘intolerable day.’

Then quak'd the stoutest heart: but what alarms
The breasts invaded of the hapless few
Of tenderer sex, and age not blossom'd yet,
Was never known; for on the instant whelm'd
Beneath the bounding surge, the shatter'd bark,
Low sunk by the incumbent weight, scarce rose
Again; and all within (alas! not all)*
Were deep immers'd beneath the briny wave.
But ah! what fate was theirs, who yet upon
The wreck tenacious clung. Oh! better far
Forever in the boisterous tide they all
Had sunk forgot! for still unceasing vex'd,
The sea high roll'd his billows o'er their heads,
And each to death quick threatened to consign:
Which, though delay'd, seem'd certain in the end.
Now wild and loud arose the mingled cries
Of dying, and of those whom fate yet spar'd:
And deep below (their lot how sad!) were breath'd
The piteous groans of some that were denied
To share the horrors of their friends without—
Reserv'd, severe, for miseries yet untold.
But 'mid the crash of heaven and earth, their cries
And groans were given to the winds, or in

The uproar loud were heard alone by Him,
Who on the furious whirlwind rode sublime,
And with a breath the mighty tumult rais'd.

So pass'd the night—a night of black despair,
And wo ineffable, to such as yet
Surviv'd the storm : which, when the dawn at length
Reluctantly appear'd, abated slow.
Then anxious glanc'd they the horizon round,
In search of ought that might allay their fears :
But bounded soon their hearts ! for who shall speak
Their joy, when in the distance they perceiv'd
A vessel, borne upon the lofty wave,
That towards them proudly seem'd to hold her way.
And soon, at signal given, the friendly crew
Approach, and with their cheerings loud salute
The wretched band, that straight (surprising change !)
The horrors of the past at once forgot,
In answering strains of joy were quick return'd.
Then, safe embark'd upon a firmer plank,
One saddening look upon the wreck they cast,
And left her floating on the watery waste.
And more, unconscious left ! for though upturn'd,

A miserable few it still contain'd,
 Yet close imprison'd there, whose stifled cries
 Were impotent so thick a gloom to pierce.

How wildly throb'd their hearts, when, from above,
 The shouts of joy (the shouts of rescued friends)
 Low murmured to their dark retreat ! how sunk
 Their hopes, as high their transports rose,
 When those glad murmurs died upon the ear—
 Themselves too sure abandon'd to their fate !
 Each moment now was lengthen'd to a day :
 The days, though ignorant of their tardy lapse,
 (As all the world) to centuries seem'd stretch'd !
 To what new dangers they were now expos'd,
 And where disastrous steer'd the fatal bark,
 Without or sun to cheer, or star to guide,
 They knew no more. Save that some narrow space
 In which to breathe, was left, and that, wild dashing
 To and fro, they felt within the storms
 Which yet relentless lash'd the hapless wreck,
 They, all unconscious of th' appalling fact,
 Might, with the monsters of the raging deep,
 Low sunk ten thousand fathoms now have been

But, by the tempest rock'd, they knew the wreck
 Still devious floated on the treacherous wave;
 All else, the horrour of their fate except,
 (Too much, indeed, to know) from them was hid.

O God of man! for what hast thou reserv'd
 This wretched being? and with what diverse hand
 Dost mete the portion of thy creatures here!
 Yet them forsak'st not in their worst estate;
 Though, to the future blind, neglecting thee,
 They impious rail ungrateful at thy will.
 Dark are the workings of thy providence;
 Nor given to man to scan: and should despair,
 Amid his complicated ills below,
 Sometimes his salt'ring spirit seize, and he
 Should deem himself forgot; canst thou forgive?
 Ah! what was here these wretches to console?
 Inhum'd alive—from all escape cut off—
 Shut from the blessed light, the dearest boon
 On man by Heaven conferr'd—tempests without,
 And misery within—what could they hope,
 But that amidst the fathomless abyss,
 Some mighty surge might instant sink the wreck,
 And quick with all its dismal freight destroy.

Oh! who shall tell what madness seiz'd their souls ?
Or, 'mid the intervals of fix'd despair,
(If any such there were) what thoughts intense—
What dreams, perchance, their busy minds employ'd?
Now like the hapless prince, Orestes nam'd,
They maddening see a thousand hideous shapes,
Shapes evanescent ! Not like these fell death ;
Who in gaunt Famine's guise seem'd now array'd,
And clad in tenfold horrours, them beside
Constant remains, as loth to loose his gripe !
And now, like spirits of the blest, that sit
In heaven, a transitory glance they catch
Of those they left behind, and fondly clasp
Within their outstretch'd arms, their friends belov'd—
But from the void embrace startling recoil,
And, waking swift, sink deeper in despair.
So pass'd their hours, without one glimpse of joy ;
Comfort was none ; and hope, that clings to all,
Them pitiless left, or, 'mid the shade profound,
With lengthened intervals between, appear'd,
To lead them on, illusive, to their doom.

But if, amid the elemental strife,
And all the horrours of their fate forlorn,

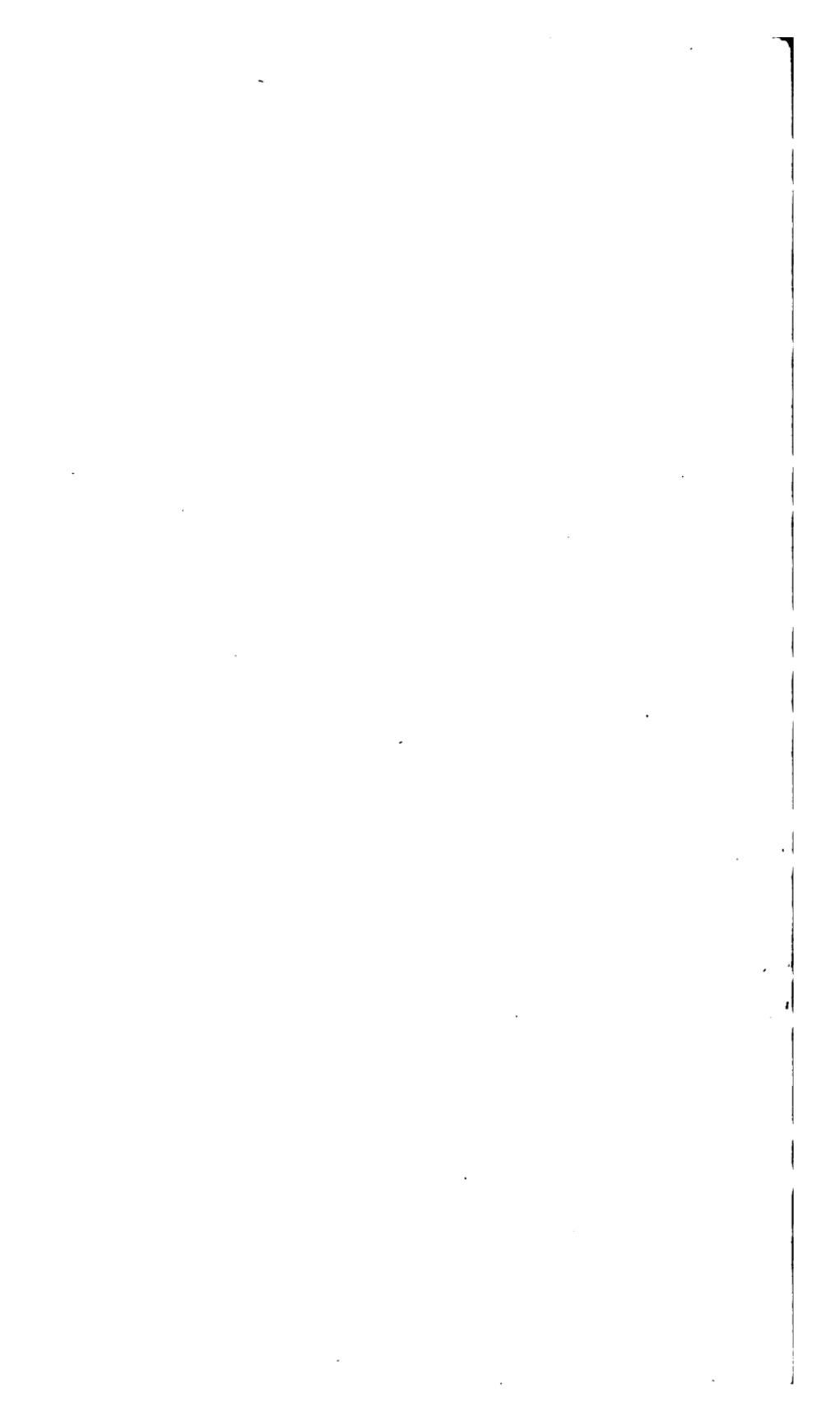
A trembling dawn of hope could still be theirs,---
 What could it promise to th' unhappy men?
 Might they not rise upon some mountain wave,
 And far upon the mainland swift be dash'd?
 And, should they fortunate the shock survive,
 Return to life and happiness again?
 Or in the intervals of calm, might not
 Some friendly current urge the shattered bark
 Upon a peaceful strand, and they unhurt
 Escape? But O! a thought more cheering still---
 (Could cheering thoughts their worse than dungeon
 gloom

Pervade) a lingering hope might still remain,
 That, Heaven-directed, o'er the pathless waste,
 The miserable wreck some chosen band
 Might yet, though late, descry, nor e'er forsake,
 Till they again might bless the light of day.
 And Heaven, indeed, such cheering hope inspir'd---
 And, Heaven-directed too, a chosen band
 Stemm'd dauntless the impetuous tide----
 The sinking bark descry'd, and grappled quick :
 For sound of human voice surpris'd they heard ;
 Yet scarce believ'd a human voice was there.

But doubt they did not long ; for as they plied
Th' impatient axe, the intervals between,
The accents wild of desperate men within
Struck their astonish'd ears ! now instant broke
The horrid spell : when, lo ! pale, trembling, lost,
Slow issue forth the captives sad, who thought—
A moment wildering thought—that Heaven itself
Had sudden open'd on their view ; and these,
Their fellow men, its glorious inmates seem'd.
But when the mist dispers'd, high swell'd their hearts,
Their tongues, to utterance lost, unmov'd remain'd—
And they in grateful tears were all dissolv'd.



MISCELLANEOUS.



E L E G Y

On the Death of a beloved young Pastor.

HARK! on the hollow gale the distant knell,
The sad funereal knell, is slowly borne :
Ha! it resounds, O Death! thy triumph fell
O'er worth departed never to return.

Lamented A****! nor less lov'd than mourn'd ;
Friend of the world, the world too was thy friend :
How blest its lot hadst thou but here sojourn'd
That world to cheer, enlighten, and amend !

But vain the healing art, and vain the tears
Of friends who sought for thee a kinder sky :
That languid look awaken'd all their fears—
Thy home regain'd, 'twas in their arms to die.

And hast thou sunk untimely in the tomb—
Too soon absolv'd from all terrestrial ties ?
And shall we now lament thy early doom ?
Lament thee, now translated to the skies !

Ah, no ! thine eye, with heavenly lustre bright,
 Deep through the mists of time had eager pierc'd;
 Nor found repose but 'mid yon fields of light,
 Where joys immortal well to quench thy thirst.

Then wish him back no more : but rather now
 Retrace him through his bright though short career ;
 Show how he liv'd, and (harder task !) show how
 The saint expir'd—in life, in death, still dear.

Lo ! in the glorious morn of life he rose,
 Soft, mild, serene, and lovely to the view :
 One cloud alone* was seen to interpose—
 But soon that cloud receiv'd a golden hue.

Alas ! 'twas one bright morn—no risen day :
 Yet, while to mortal eyes he transient shone,
 How warm, pellucid and benign the ray !
 A ray how warm, let those who felt it own.

Say, ye belov'd, ye whom his bosom warm'd,
 Whom next to heaven he kindly cherish'd there,
 Say, for ye can, how, by his reason charm'd,
 Your griefs were sooth'd, and banish'd every care.

* Allusion to his mother's death.

How gently did he strive, th' unwilling soul
 To wean from earth, and fix its hopes on high !
 How did he point exulting to that goal,
 And ardent urge us upward to the sky !

And when he dwelt upon the glorious theme,
 The Lord of life, his sufferings, love confess—
 (A theme to man of import deep, supreme)
 How thrill'd that voice ! how glow'd that sacred
[breast !]

But who before the throne of God e'er view'd
 The youthful shepherd all his soul pour out—
 Nor felt by turns now humbled and subdued,
 Now cheer'd, and breathing warm the strain devout ?

Friend, teacher, guide, for thee our tears must flow ;
 Yet, taught by thee in all to be resigned,
 To him who gives, who takes, we humbly bow,
 Nor deem the hand that chastens us unkind.

Then cease my mournful strain ; though much unsung
 Remains—unsung the death-bed of the saint ;
 Subject how sad, august ! a seraph's tongue
 That subject suits—all else indeed were faint.

Oh what a scene was there ! in that dread hour,
 When all that's mortal into nought decays—
 When earth recedes, and skies begin to lower,
 And death the fleeting, trembling soul dismay—

In that dread hour, how fearless, calm, serene,
 His firmer soul, by hope, by faith, sustain'd !
 What heavenly resignation then was seen—
 What love intense, what piety unfeign'd !

But, lo ! the wind is hush'd—O list, attend !
 Methinks I hear a low half-breathing prayer—
 'Father, to thee my spirit I commend !'*
 The aspiration dies upon the air.

Yet look ! his spirit soars—it mounts amain !
 Earth disappears—heaven's portals open spread—
 Angels descend that spirit to sustain—
 O the blest vision ! 'tis forever fled.

* His dying words.

S T A N Z A S

On the Alienation of Fonthill Abbey,

The Magnificent Seat of Mr. BECKFORD, near Bath, England.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

O BECKFORD ! no more shall these hills and
these vales
Stretch around their lov'd lord, to delight
him again:
Nor these groves wave their tops to the soft
sighing gales,
But to murmur adieu, or thy absence to
plain.

And no more shall these turrets ascend to the
sky,
To catch the first rays of the sun at his
rise ;
Nor be wrapt in soft light when the moon
rides on high,
Thy fancy to charm, or enrapture thine
eyes.

And those fair princely halls thou wast wont to
adorn,
Where Art and where Wealth every means
had essay'd
Thy regard to attract—now, alas ! are for-
lorn,
And will echo no more to thy voice or thy
tread.

Ah Beckford! when youth and when vigour
 were thine,
 And when fortune her treasures display'd to
 thy sight—
 When the world to thy fancy seem'd all to
 combine
 To fulfil every wish and to yield thee de-
 delight—

Didst thou dream that ere long the gay vision
 should cease,
 And that riches might not e'en with thee long
 abide?
 That that world should desert thee? that,
 robb'd of thy peace,
 Thou should'st soon be expell'd from the
 halls of thy pride?

How it pains me, the thought! ah, could wishes
 restore
 Thy mansion august, and thy splendid do-
 main—
 Thou should'st not, as now, their desertion
 deplore,
 But should'st hie thee to this lov'd seclusion
 again.

Alas! when I think of the changes which
 here
 Oft to each unexpected bring joy or bring
 wo;
 I may sigh for his fate, and to him yield a
 tear,
 Who, in grandeur's lap nurs'd, is by fortune
 laid low.

O Beckford! methinks I can see thee e'en
 now,
 In the dawn of thy youth, and when all was
 thus fair,
 Exploring the regions where fancy and
 thou
 Had fondly erected your structures in
 air!

And not there alone: those bright visions once
 past,
 See! as if by enchantment, thy palace
 arise!
 In dimensions as grand as thy mind itself
 vast,
 And boldly aspiring, like that, to the
 skies.

And, lo! at thy call, see the land and the
 main
 To thee unreluctant their treasures con-
 fide;
 While the arts eager throng thy attention to
 gain,
 And thy groves wave around thee in beauty
 and pride.

Thou mansion superb! and ye scenes of de-
 light!
 How long will ye ravish the heart and the
 eye?—
 Hah! the spell is dissolv'd—and to thee all
 is night,
 And a dream, which must end in a heart-
 rending sigh.

THE

B E L V I D E R E A P O L L O .

O PRODIGY divine! The God of Day
In the rude block confin'd for ages lay;
When, radiant all, upon the raptur'd sight,,
At Art's command, Apollo sprang to light!
Lo! at his glance, the Python vanquish'd lies,
And, wing'd with fate, th' unerring arrow flies;
The bow still quivers in his heavenly hands;
Disdain sits on his lip, his nose expands!
With eye, whose piercing rays o'er all extend,
And past and present with the future blend—
Scornful his mighty victim he surveys,
And, in that look, his conscious power displays.

Immortal all, in all a god is seen!
Ethereal lightness—majesty of mien—
A form symmetric—an harmonious whole—
To charm the eye, and captivate the soul.

At the first glance we feel th' ascendant power;
 We pause, we muse, our thoughts begin to tower:
 The breast unconsciously distends with pride—
 Fill'd with the god, and lost to all beside.

Ethereal Archer! still thy form divine
 Allures innumerous votaries to thy shrine:
 Yet not with equal eye all gaze on thee,
 Impress'd with sense of present deity.
 How oft, like *him*, who, with consummate skill,
 Moulded the forms of beauty at his will—
 Has the soft maid the image bright admir'd,
 Until impassion'd thoughts her bosom fir'd:
 Till, as she gaz'd, the breathing stone grew warm,
 And she in transport clasp'd the lovely form!
 And, as amid the courtly throng he stood,
 And ardently thy mien majestic view'd,
 Mark'd thy keen eye—and saw the fateful dart
 Drink the warm life-blood in the monster's heart,
 Th' untutor'd painter saw in thee, and smil'd,
 The youthful warrior of his native wild."

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Part of a Series of Translations from La Fontaine.

FOLLY and Love, 'tis said, one day
Had pass'd the hours in jocund play ;
When sudden a dispute arose,
And soon from words they came to blows.
Love (not then blind) the subject thought
Should quick before the gods be brought ;
But Folly no delay could brook,
And so the god impatient struck.
O fatal blow ! O sad surprise !
For Love, alas ! had lost his eyes.
Venus soon hears the direful news,
And to the gods for vengeance sues ;
Her tears, her loud laments, proclaim
The goddess, mother, both the same.
To each in turn she eager wends,
And seeks, though hopeless, seeks amends.
And now she mourns her son's sad fate—
And raving now she calls on Hate.

At length the gods in conclave met,
 Resolv'd the matter right to set :
 And pondering well, in serious mood,
 The private and the general good—
 Decreed, that Folly be allied
 Thenceforth to Love, and serve as guide.

B E A U T Y.

From the Greek.

Les cœurs sont maîtrisés par un charme secret.

O BEAUTY ! by the gods ador'd,
 Not less than by earth's haughty lord :
 The bane of some, delight of all !
 How long wilt thou my soul inthrall ?
 Wretch that I am ! I fondly deem'd
 Thy charm dissolv'd, for so it seem'd :
 But only seem'd ! 'Tis still possest,
 To raise fresh tumults in my breast ;
 To fire, subdue, to soothe, to melt,—
 For so by turns thy power is felt.
 Oh cruel ! thus to wake again,
 So late to wake, these raptures vain.

How vain, alas ! that nymph could tell,
 Who bound me by her magic spell :
 Who bound ? O Heavens ! who still enchains
 My every thought; my heart retains
 What though she be another's now ;
 Though ta'en th' irrevocable vow—
 Still, still, those eyes with softness beam ;
 Those smiles to me an angel's seem :
 While with delight my bosom glows,
 As from her lips persuasion flows.
 Blest fair ! though youth's ecstatic hour
 Has wing'd its way—though cropt that flower,
 Whose fragrance in delirium sweet
 My every sense has wrapt complete—
 O lovely yet thou art, and young ;
 Art yet a theme for poet's tongue :
 Who, if he dared, aloud thy name
 Of liquid sweetness would proclaim ;
 And tell, delighted tell, the while,
 That still on him thou deign'st to smile.
 O thus forever gracious prove ;
 Thus smile, thus look 'superior love' :
 He has no wish to virtue foe—
 No wish that she would blush to know.

“I WISH I WERE IN HEAVEN.”

By sickness, care and grief oppress'd,
 Almost to madness driven,
 In accent wild my Mother cry'd,
 ‘I wish I were in heaven !’

And there, my mother, thou shalt go ;
 But now we must not part :
 Recall thy wish—forgive my tears—
 Oh see my bursting heart !

Alas ! the numerous ills that here
 Humanity await,
 Must prompt that wish in every breast—
 Must prompt it soon or late.

Pain, and disease, and penury,
 With all their gloomy train,
 Pursue us still where'er we fly,—
 Escape is wholly vain.

Or if we their pursuit elude,
 Fell disappointment's near :

Unseen he darts th' envenom'd sting,
And draws th' unwilling tear.

Yet ah ! though thou indeed hast ta'en
Of misery's cup thy share ;
And found how false, how transient too,
Terrestrial joys all are—

My Mother ; still we must not part—
Let hope thy soul sustain !
And every lenient art I'll use,
To mitigate thy pain.

And all beyond the reach of art
Religion shall assuage ;
Balm in the wounded spirit pour,
And soothe of grief the rage.

For, oh ! whene'er that time shall come,
(My prayers avert it long)
And this thy wish shall be fulfil'd,
And thou to Heaven belong—

Thy sorrowing son, should he be here
To feel the blow that's given,
Must then like thee in anguish say,
'I wish I were in Heaven !'

"I THOUGHT IT SLEPT."

I saw the infant cherub—soft it lay
As it was wont within the cradle, now
Profusely deck'd with fragrant flowers and herbs.
Marvelling at such strange fantasy, I gaz'd
Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept!
But yet its little bosom did not move.
Its eyes were closed, and motionless its lips—
The crimson blush had fled its tender cheeks—
The arms on either side were gently laid—
And all its infant soul seem'd lull'd to peace.
O wake, sweet babe, (I cried) those lovely eyes
Quick ope, and bless me with their light again,
But still it would not wake. All pale beside,
My weeping mother sat, "and gaz'd and look'd
Unutterable things." I question'd her,
And eager ask'd why thus it slept so sound.
But tears the faster flow'd at this request.
Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous look,
She cast—now on the babe were fix'd once more—
And now on me: then, with convulsive sigh,

And throbbing heart, she clasp'd me to her breast,
 The while in scarce articulate words she said—
 ‘My dearest boy ! thy brother does not sleep :
 ‘Alas ! he's dead : he never will awake !’
 He's dead ! I knew not what it meant ; though more
 To know, I reck'd not. For the words so sad,
 ‘He never will awake,’ sunk in my heart :
 Its little cords were broke—forever broke !
 And gushing tears the fatal wound disclos'd.

TO A LADY,

Who had requested a copy of the stanzas addressed to *****.

TAKE, dearest Lady, take the wreath I wove,
 Presumptuous, for other brows than thine ;
 For brows deserving an immortal wreath !
 Not fading and deciduous like this.
 O could I climb Parnassus' verdant heights,
 Or trace th' enamell'd margins of its streams—
 Then might I weave a garland worthy Him—
 Resplendent as thy piety, and fair
 As are the virtues which, in modest shade,
 Adorn thy life, and elevate the soul.

THE

MOURNER OF THE FOREST.

WHAT shadowy form is that I see
 Slow moving in the twilight gloom,
 The semblance sad of misery?—
 Seeks she on that lone spot the tomb
 Where noiseless sleeps the brave?

Or does she there, with potent spell,
 The youthful warrior's shade invoke,
 Who in the arms of victory fell—
 Fell proudly 'mid the battle's shock!
 Laid low in honour's grave?

Perchance with fond maternal eye
 She thinks his footsteps to retrace,
 Where late, with bosom-heaving sigh,
 She took a sad, a last embrace,
 When hope forever fled.

Yes—he is gone! and her gaunt form,
 Low bending 'neath the weight of years,

Is blasted by the ruthless storm—
 And memory now that spot endears,
 Where joy its sunshine shed.

But hark ! a mother's piteous tale
 Anon shall sink upon thine ear :—
 In mournful prelude sighs the gale—
 And nature's self is mute to hear.
 List, list ! 'tis now begun.
 “My son ! my son ! where stray thy feet ?
 Why leave thy sorrowing mother here ?
 Come, ere this heart shall cease to beat—
 Come, chase away this scalding tear—
 O come, my son ! my son !”

Hush'd is the breeze—and hush'd the strain—
 Yet grief has left its rankling sting :
 Hah ! yet again—that strain again !
 O hear its last low murmuring—
 List, list ! ere yet 'tis done.
 “My son ! my son ! where stray thy feet ?
 Why leave thy sorrowing mother here ?
 Come, ere this heart shall cease to beat—
 But come not on thy laurell'd bier—
 O come, my son ! my son !”

SONG

Of a Lenape Warrior on going to Battle.

WRETCH forlorn! I go, I go,
Soon to meet the angry foe;
He or I must vanquish'd be!

Children! dear to me as life—
Fond, belov'd, deserted wife!
Shall I part from them, from thee?

Part I must—but who may know
If I may ward the hatchet's blow?
If we e'er shall meet again?

Children—wife—I haste away:
Duty calls! I must not stay—
Who shall hear th' appeal in vain?

Great Spirit! from yon clouds above,
See the objects of my love:
Shield them, shield them all from harm!
And in pity look on me,
Who must meet the enemy—
Steel my heart! and nerve my arm!

Grant success ; and strength bestow :
 Give me to lay each foeman low—
And wrest from him th' ensanguin'd spoils !
 Then my friends I'll meet again—
 Children—wife—no more shall plain—
 And joy shall crown the warrior's toils !

Wretch forlorn ! I go, I go,
 Soon to meet the angry foe,
 Who perchance shall vanquish'd be ?
 Children ! dear to me as life—
 Fond, belov'd, deserted wife !
 Thus I part from them, from thee !¹³

TO FLORIO:

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Lo ! Spring descends, with roses crown'd ;
 Joyous she skims th' enamell'd ground,
 And scatters thousand odours round,

My Florio.

Now, waken'd by a warmer ray,
 Forth come the insect tribes of May—
 Is aught so volatile, so gay,

My Florio?

And look! the sportive lamb here see;
 Gladsome he skips the verdant lea:
 How fair, how innocent is he,

My Florio!

Then, issuing from the woods among,
 Mark the young fawn that bounds along!
 Freedom's wild joys to him belong,

My Florio.

And, as he mounts on golden wing,
 O listen to the bird of spring!
 In ecstacies he seems to sing,

My Florio.

Thus young, and volatile, and fair—
 Thus artless, wild, and void of care—
 Thus guiltless thou—but ah, beware!

My Florio.

O may that Power who reigns above,
 Still guard thee with a parent's love,
 And all thy actions still approve,

My Florio.

TO *****

Let me not, Lady, sue in vain,
 But quickly wake thy lyre again.
 For thee alone, full well I know,
 For thee alone its numbers flow.
 Then touch the strings, and let me prove
 The power of harmony to move
 The dullest ear—and, stranger still,
 Th' obdurest breast—O wondrous skill !
 And if thou fail'st, with all thy art,
 To soothe, to penetrate my heart—
 And hast no power my soul to melt,—
 None to raise transports yet unselt—
 O still play on, and let the strain
 Rise softly on the air again:
 For wandering seraphs will descend,
 And with thy notes their accents blend.

Seu & Esprit.

On hearing that a young man had been stung in the throat by a bee concealed in a piece of honeycomb which he had swallowed ; in consequence of which he died.

AH ! if Cupid (who when young
 Was by an angry bee once stung)
 Thus most cruelly had fared,
 What pangs had mortals then been spared !

AMERICAN PAINTERS.

THOU sleep'st in marble now, O West ! still first
 Upon the roll of fame thy name appears ;
 Thy name, decreed to reach to latest years,
 Despite the taint of envious breath accurst.

And Copley, too, thy spirit proud has burst !—
 But turn we to the living : bright compeers
 Our Stuart, Allston ! ripe of age, time sears.
 Not that—this burns with an immortal thirst.

Who next shall follow in the march of time ?
 See Trumbull, anxious for a deathless name !
 See Vanderlyn, see ardent Sully, climb !
 And Leslie, Newton, tread the paths of fame !

Urge then the generous race, ye chosen few ;
 And let Apelles, Raphael, live in you.

TO

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALLSTON! thy name, dear to th' enlightened few
Who dare, e'en here, in this thy native clime,
Where genius pines amid the public view,
Predict the triumph of thy art sublime—

Allston! e'en here thy name shall loud resound
In happier times, and not as now, alone
In wondering foreign lands be echoed round:
Ah happier times, I would ye were our own!

Still, nobly emulous of those sons of art,
Who once th' admiring eyes of Greece and Rome
Around them drew, exalting every heart—
Still dare aspire, and mount to Fame's bright home.

Thus the young eagle from some rock's vast height
Proudly looks down, then soars to endless light.

PAINTING.

O LOVELY Power, whose magic touch can raise
 To renovated life the glorious dead,
 Or catch the graces ere forever fled.
 Of living beauty—who shall sing thy praise !

For when thou bidd'st,¹⁵ the dungeon's gloom in blaze
 Is sudden wrapt, and thence the Prisoner led ;
 Or low in murky eave, the bones his bed,
 The Man revives, reserv'd for happier days.

Look, where the Prophet sits, and Zion weeps !
 See Him whom ravens fed—celestial scene !
 And lo ! among the hosts of heaven, where sleeps
 The chosen Youth, and *dreams* that he has seen.

There, Uriel shines ; and here, yet dimly shown,
 Belshazzar trembles on his ivory throne.

HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! where art thou to be found?
Sitt'st thou secure upon yon gorgeous throne
With sceptred slaves, and but with them alone?
Or shall we seek thee on the treacherous ground

Where courtiers throng, allured by a sound!
Perchance thou dwell'st by hermit's mossy stone!
Or 'mid those towers, with ivy overgrown,
Art deep immured—cut off from all around!

Or hast thou sought the sage, to catch his lore,
And list the murmurings of immortal strains—
MILTON's or blind MEONIDES' of yore!
Ah! here, if earth the fugitive detains,

Here still she may be found: but O, if not,
Then with the tenant of that humble cot.

FORTUNE.

Look ! where she rides triumphant o'er the earth !
And by her side the favourite of the hour,
Uprais'd to wealth, and luxury, and power,
And all around the ministers of mirth.

Fond man ! that now, disdainful of thy birth,
Would'st fain forget thy sometime humble bower,
Think'st thou for thee the skies may never lower,
Nor sorrow e'er be thine, nor care, nor dearth ?

Ah, blind to fate ! already art thou hurl'd
From pinnacle of greatness and renown ;
And roam'st a wretched outcast on the world,
Withering unpitied 'neath its harden'd frown !

O FORTUNE ! such the boon we would obtain :
Yet, cheated oft, would be deceiv'd again.

THE
LEAP OF NIAGARA.

Roar loud, ye winds! ye awful thunders, peal!
And instant rouse them from their fatal sleep,
Ere (cruel chance) they sink amid the deep,
Whose secrets Death permits not to reveal.

They wake! O heavens! what now avails their zeal?
Precipitous their maddening course they keep,
And reeling now they make the shuddering leap,
Down dash'd 'mid watery worlds, with all their weal!

And thus are they forgot! not such the fate
Of that immortal maid—enchantress sweet—
Who from Lucadia's rock (provok'd by Hate)
Plung'd fearless in the waves that round it beat.

Her name the sighing winds still breathe around,
And Sappho, all the mournful caves resound.

THE

SOLITARY OF THE WRECK.

**Lo ! where in midnight gloom, imprison'd fast
 Within the luckless bark (which half submerg'd
 Still wildly drives along the shoreless waste,
 Her sides by ceaseless tempests'-lashing scourg'd)**

**Lo ! where the Solitary joyless sits—
 The white pale Famine preys upon her form :
 She smiles not—weeps not—starts not but by fits !
 Rous'd sudden by the roaring of the storm.**

**Alas ! what dreams her troubled sleep disturb—
 Her sleep ! her life is but a dismal trance :
 Where Horrour stalks, her fancy to perturb,
 Ere tardy Death shall dart his quiv'ring lance.**

**But hark ! e'en now the sea-bird screams her knell !
 Immortal Heaven ! she lives the tale to tell !**

TO THE
NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

BRIGHT, transient Flower, that studious shun'st the eye
Of Phœbus, waiting only to display
Thy glories to the moon's cold, watery ray,
And yield thy fragrance to the desert sky—

Mysterious Flower ! alas ! shall we descry
No trace of what thou wast, the coming day—
Odorous no more, and fallen to decay ?
Ah ! who has not seen, and heav'd a rending sigh—

Who has not seen, nurtur'd like thee in shade,
Fragrant as morn, and bursting on the sight,
With radiant beauty crown'd, the blushing **MAID** ;
Then, withering in the blast, quick sink in night ?

Both bloom'd and perish'd : while to that 'tis given
Ne'er to revive—lo ! this ascends to Heaven.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

How frequent fall the sere and yellow leaves !
Sapless and torn, the sport of every breeze,
They eddying sink around the naked trees :
Or if a solitary leaf still cleaves

Tenacious to its stem, the sight it grieves ;
E'en this reluctant, loosen'd by degrees,
Anon subsides, and marks the year's decease—
Emphatic marks, while every bosom heaves.

Thus sink the hopes of man ! Thus, quick or slow,
Loos'd from his parent earth, himself decays !
Ah ! happy they who early feel the blow,
Ere passions rend, or sin the soul betrays.

Mysterious fate ! yet this of all the lot—
To die unpitied, and to be forgot.

TO

A YOUNG RELATION.

C***** ! my ambitious muse would fain entwine
With wreath of amaranth thy youthful brow ;
But seldom blooms that heavenly flower below—
Blooms not for me, unhonour'd of the Nine.

'Tis well—my love alone shall prompt the line :
While panting for the laureate wreath, e'en thou,
Perchance, thyself may'st weave a chaplet now,
Anon to bind it on that brow of thine.

This day thy fourth olympiad expires ;
The fifth will bear thee to the destin'd goal :*
Thrice envied goal ! to those whom wisdom fires—
Who spurn all else but virtue's just controul !

C***** , art thou of that band ? then thou shalt wear
A wreath which hands of angels will prepare !

November 10, 1821.

* The period at which he will take his degree.

TO

A N O T H E R.

E* **! auspicious be to thee this day !***
Fourteen revolving suns have annual trac'd
Their fervid path amid th' ethereal waste,
Since thy young eyes drank in the heavenly ray.

The seasons, too, in fix'd alternate sway,
Have danc'd their rounds—but still untir'd, and grac'd
With ever varying beauties, onward haste,
In circling maze, impatient of delay.

But of their lapse be not unmindful thou ;
As suns roll on, and seasons still revolve,
E* **, with them thy years must onward flow !**
And let them flow, if thou but firm resolve.

At excellence to aim, and vice abhor :
Then high as heaven e'en thou shalt learn to soar !

October 2, 1821.

* His birth day.

TO THE INFANT

DAUGHTER OF ELIZABETH.

FAIR offspring of celestial mother fair,
Who whilom dwelt on earth, but, ah ! too soon
To heaven has wing'd her way, and now in noon
Of dazzling brightness sits with angels there—

Wilt thou one day thy mother's beauty share ?
And shall the graces of her mind (a boon
More rare) be thine ? and goodness too attune
Thy heart ? and thou yet know a parent's care ?

Snatch'd from the earth ere yet her little flower
Had op'd its vermil leaves, 'mid alien skies
The plant was found : but now to genial bower
Remov'd, with other cherish'd flowers it vies.

Blow soft, ye tepid airs—ye dews, descend—
And thou, O Heaven ! the lovely care defend.

C A N O V A ;
E T C.



CANOVA

And the Parthenon.

[‘Private letters from Greece state that the celebrated Canova has sent two hundred workmen to restore the Parthenon at Athens.’—*Old Newspaper.*]

IMMORTAL Sculptor ! shall new laurels still
 Resplendent gleam around those brows, where thick
 The clustering leaves with thy ambrosial locks
 Already are entwin’d ! One wreath unclaim’d
 (A wreath than diadems more bright) remain’d,
 And this, admiring nations now to thee
 Yield unreluctant, though denied to kings.
 O blush, ye monarchs, ’mid your gilded state
 And courts luxurious, where gross parasites
 The gains of millions in an hour consume—
 Blush that a subject should the first conceive
 The thought sublime—nor that, indeed, alone,—
 But boldly enter on the great emprise.¹⁷

What Phidias was, Canova, thou art now ;
 And more shalt be ! Not Pericles himself
 A nobler triumph e'er could boast than that,
 The world's consenting voice ere long to thee
 Shall glad adjudge. And Athens too will hail
 Thee her protector ; while thy name, ador'd,
 With theirs, th' immortal founder's, architect's,
 Conjoint,—remotest times will loud resound,
 And Pallas thee a favourite son will own.

Sculptor divine ! with spark ethereal, like him
 Who fabling stole from heaven the sacred fire,
 Thou kindlest into life the mass inert ;
 And, at thy nod, th' unconscious marble smiles
 With love celestial, or indignant frowns
 With all the terrors of a hero's ire.
 Marvelling, the gods themselves thy works survey,
 And fear lest eyes profane their forms should view :
 While mortals, envious of the powers above,
 To thee resort, and confidently claim
 That immortality thou know'st to give.

J E R E M I A H :**A Vision.**

As once the follower of the Prince of Peace,¹⁸
 When by the hand of angel led, escap'd
 A prison's gloom, impervious else—so I,
 Methought, conducted by some power divine,
 Amid the mazes of the royal house
 Of Judah's king, at length within a court,
 Deep sunk, and hidden from the garish day,
 Arriv'd. Vain pomp, and revelry, and mirth,
 Which minister to royalty, were here
 Unseen, unheard: but deepest solitude,
 And dungeon-damps instead, and silence drear.
 Fearful I paused—as well my heavenly guide
 Indulgent paus'd. When lo! as from on high,
 A voice methought, in deep prophetic strain,
 Thus threaten'd ruin to a guilty land:
 ' Wo, wo, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
 Behold the mighty One at hand—His voice
 The ocean's roar—He looks, and lo! the hills
 Before him bow—In whirlwinds and in clouds
 To slay and to consume—behold! he comes.'

Trembling I stood expectant ; but that voice,
 So dread, was hush'd : when instant from above
 Methought a stream of light, forth rushing swift,
 Descended full upon a godlike form,
 And gave him radiant to my wondering view.
 Awe-struck, I silent gaz'd—when thus the Power
 Who led me on : ‘Behold the hallowèd seer,
 ‘The bard of tears, the holy man of God !
 ‘Hated, contemn'd of men; but not dismay'd,
 ‘And not forsaken here by him who deign'd
 ‘Put gracious forth his hand, and touch'd his lips ;
 ‘For God himself is near, and peace instils :
 ‘While in his wrath he bids the seer proclaim,
 ‘As thou but now hast heard, his vengeance dire,
 ‘And Zion trembles in her inmost gates.’

Or that my thoughts high tower'd, or that in truth
 I saw him as he was, I could not tell ;
 But to my wildering sense he now appear'd
 Of more than mortal mien. The words of wrath
 Had 'scap'd his lips, but still his swelling breast,
 And aspect fix'd, and eyes that, seeing, saw not,
 Deep spoke the mandate of an angry God.
 Curses not utter'd yet, methought I heard ;

While all the air seem'd flame, and through my soul,
 That glow'd intense, a light ineffable
 Was shed. Then humbled in the dust, I thought
 Of Zion desolate! and,whelm'd in tears,
 My eyes upon the ground dejected sank;
 When, lo! a heavenly youth (for such he seem'd)
 Till then unseen, low seated at the feet
 Of him, the chosen of God, surpris'd I saw.
 Pensive he look'd, viewing with eye intent
 The man divine, and listening fearful, so
 Methought, until that warning voice once more
 Should sink in deepening sadness on his soul,
 As in my own it had not been'd to thrill.
 For in his hand a fatal roll he held,
 Whereon it seem'd he wrote th' appalling words,
 Which, like consuming fire went forth, and which
 Ere long should scornful Judah deep confound.

But more I saw, not of the wondrous scene :
 For motionless, and lost in wild surprise,
 Awhile, I thought I stood, till maddening doubts
 My breast perplex'd. Impatient then I turn'd,
 With fearful, suppliant look, upon my guide,
 And fain had ask'd by whose command divine,

Or more than mortal power, scenes past, and seers
 Of old long sunk in death, were now reviv'd.
 But she (for not till then my guide distinct
 I saw, and never lovelier form my eyes
 In youthful fancy's brightest glow beheld)
 The purport of my thoughts divining quick,
 And graceful waving high her mystic wand,
 Vouchsaf'd, with smile ineffable, these words :—
 ‘That which thou sawest, though real all to thee
 ‘It seem'd, was but the *semblance* of the past.
 ‘But such the magic pencil’s wondrous power,
 ‘That things invisible to mortal ken,
 ‘Or dimly in perspective distant seen,
 ‘I raise to view, and ‘give to airy nothing
 ‘A local habitation and a name.’
 ‘Such are the wonders which thou now hast seen.
 ‘Yet few among the sons of earth have known
 ‘This art divine; for few myself have taught.
 ‘Raphael, the secret high was thine—’tis thine,
 ‘O Allston, now!’ Fir’d at this name, the blood
 Impetuous rush'd upon my throbbing heart,
 And, ’midst the tumult which now raged within,
 I wak'd.

REFLECTIONS

On viewing the beautiful Moonlight Picture

BY THE SAME ARTIST.

Scene—Italy.

‘This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick ;
 ‘It looks a little paler : ‘tis a night
 ‘Such as the day is when the sun is hid.’

Merchant of Venice.

‘How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ?
 And sweet it sleeps upon yon distant hills !
 And sweet, by some mysterious power subdued,
 Now universal nature gentle sinks
 To rest, and silent sheds around repose
 Divine ! ’Tis stillness and enchantment all !
 The air is balm : and not a breath disturbs
 Th’ unruffled surface of the placid lake,
 O’er which th’ effulgent moon, that high in heaven
 Now rides sublime, her silver radiance throws.

The clouds, soft, vaporous, translucent, thin,
 High pois'd around the car of night's lov'd queen,
 Array magnificent the blue profound ;
 While in its breast the fair creation wide
 The watery mirror mild reflects, not less
 Than heaven's bright concave with its fleecy clouds :
 And air, earth, sky, commingling soft, resign
 To beauty's sway the soft, luxurious scene.
 Swan of the Avon ! such, O such that night
 When gay Lorenzo woo'd the gentle maid
 In Belmont's shades ; and to th' enraptured pair
 Earth seem'd itself but as the bower of love,
 While the bright stars which roll'd above their heads
 Harmonious mov'd, and music fill'd the air.

But lo ! what domes and palaces are those ?
 What mouldering arches those, and tottering walls ?
 Which, in the distance seen, and wrapt in shade,
 (Save that a gleam of light now steals along
 Their tops) seem in repose oblivious sunk ?
 Say, is it Rome, once mistress of the world,
 Imperial Rome I there behold ! where Time,
 Thron'd on the ruins of two thousand years,

Her gilded palaces and pillar'd fanes
 Sees unreluctant crumbled in the dust !
 Or is it thee, Parthenope belov'd,
 Thus mock'd by distance, I perceive ? or thee,
 Thee, Mantua ! first by rural Maro sung.
 Perchance 'tis Arno's classic vale, and those
 The palaces by great Lorenzo rais'd !
 Perchance 'tis fair Urbino meets the view :
 Urbino, name renown'd—not doom'd to die—
 Nor thou, O Raphael ! her immortal son.

But these are dreams—fond fancy's idle dreams !
 Yet who would chase them with rude noise away ?
 Then raptur'd I'll dream on—for where not fam'd
 For arts or arms, O Italy ! within
 Thy lov'd domain, e'en from the snow-clad Alps
 To where thy distant promontories shoot
 Into the main, can one lone spot be found !
 In thee, bright land, we seek ' whatever fair
 High fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish.'
 To thee, on wings of ecstasy, the bard
 Like him of Avon flies, and in thy shades
 Drinks inspiration ; or amid thy bowers,

Like Milton,¹¹ erring seeks an earthly love,
 And clasps instead, sparkling with gems of heaven,
 A sky-born maid ! while, 'midst thy columns fall'n,
 The sage, and the historian learn'd, revolve
 Not less the fate of empires, than of man.

And, O Ausonia ! how oft to thee,
 Breathless and wrapt in wonder, have the sons
 Of Art, through each succeeding age, repair'd,
 And view'd, adoring view'd, great Sanzio's works,
 And Buonaroti's, scarcely more sublime !
 Or frantic stood, with pencils dipt in heaven,
 And sketch'd thy landscapes brightening in the sun,
 Or mournful caught thy fading glories, ere
 Oblivion's veil had shut them from the view !
 Thus He, who, smitten with the love of Art,
 In youthful dream had rov'd th' Italian plains,
 And who in riper age himself had knelt
 In transport there ! thus fondly gaz'd, ador'd,
 The Painter, who this mimic scene pourtrayed :
 Raphael his guide—yet, though adorning oft
 With graces not her own, to Nature true.

LINES

Prompted by the perusal of the new poem, modestly entitled,
"Traits of the Aborigines of America."

O S*****! say whence that loftier strain?—
 Heard'st thou in dewy slumbers of the night,
 The deep ton'd resonance of that harp divine,
 That, 'mid the purple bowers of Paradise,
 'Wreath'd with unsullied roses,' was awak'd
 By seraph's touch? Or hast thou caught the notes
 Of that immortal lyre (silent so long)
 Whose golden strings, harmonious struck by him
 That darkling sung, Meonides of Albion,
 Breath'd forth such mingled strains of joy and wo
 For man's once blissful state, and piteous lapse,
 That angels, had they heard the symphony
 Sublime, from heaven's cerulean gates had stoop'd
 To catch the sounds, and at each dying fall,
 Tears such as angels shed, celestial tears,
 Had wept!

Thou loveliest daughter of the Muse!
 In thy dark morn of youth, when vocal made
 By thee, the lute's sweet warblings charm'd the ear—
 Pieria's nymphs in vision gay, perchance,

Had wreath'd with flowers unfading thy soft brows.
 But now by them inspired, in higher mood
 Thou dar'st adventurous to strike the lyre;
 And thy unbidden numbers flow, varied,
 Mellifluous, sublime.

O pause not here:
 A nobler and a nobler flight essay!
 Till every grove of thy own native vales,
 And every hill the gladden'd notes repeat—
 Till Europe's envious shores ambitious catch
 The heaven-born strain, and grateful echo back
 The rapturous song.

Of a long injured race
 Fair advocate! Full oft O S*****,
 As o'er thy brilliant page, the eye of Taste
 Delighted wanders, shall the glistening tear
 Spontaneous flow for the poor Indian's wrongs.
 Full oft, as view'd in retrospect (ere 'They
 With brows so pale,' had to his eager lip
 The poison'd chalice press'd) when like the deer,
 Light bounding, he pursued the chase, and traced
 His devious way amid the pathless wild,
 Haughty of port, and spurning all controul—
 Shall unsophisticated hearts exult,
 To see in this, rude Nature's wayward son,

A type of innate majesty in man!
 For thee too, ‘high-soul’d Maid!’ (example bright
 Of constancy in woman) shall the tears
 From heavenly eyes unconscious fall, though grief
 Had quench’d thine own.

Like her own forest flowers,
 She timid shrunk from the day’s garish beams,
 And blossom’d in the shade; yet not e’en there
 Love’s rays could ’scape! She caught the gentle flame;
 And with like passion burn’d the noble youth
 For whom alone she liv’d. But fate dark frown’d!
 Heart-struck, in solitude then pined the maid:
 Till, fir’d by phrenzy, she indignant seeks
 The beetling cliff—with agony transfix’d,
 One piercing look amid the fields of light,
 As if her lover beckon’d thence, she darts—
 Then smiling, glanced at the abyss beneath,
 And plung’d into the wave!

Bright Oolaita!**

Thy name, that should have glow’d amid the stars,
 Perchance in drear oblivion had been wrapt;
 But now, with that of S***** conjoin’d,
 Shall live forever in immortal verse.

TOCKWALLERDON.

Son of the forest! liv'st thou, matchless youth?—
 And, 'mid thy native wilds, with flying feet
 Dost still pursue the tim'rous deer? or, with
 Undaunted port, meet'st thou thy shaggy foes
 Cowering to elude th' unerring dart
 Shot from thy forceful bow?

Or in that heaven
 So wild, so blissful—where, in fragrant vales
 Or shadowy groves, thy fathers waste the hours
 In vision'd slumbers, or, alternate fir'd
 By recollections fond, th' ethereal chase
 Delighted seek—say dost thou now repose?
 Where'er thou art, O listen to the song
 Which thy lov'd name inspires—a name ne'er borne
 Upon the wings of fame—but yet to me,
 Dear as the brightest gem in Pity's crown.

Where the deep river wide his bosom clear
 Expands, and in his waves translucent sees

Reflected soft, fair Dartmouth's classic halls,
 The sinewy youth are wont to lave: and proud
 Of their own strength, th' unfathom'd depths attempt
 Too rashly. Here each summer's eve, the throng
 Joyous assemble, eager to allay
 The season's heat, and with resistless arm
 Rudely to buffet the impetuous tide.
 Some, bolder than the rest, fearless the stream
 Delight to cross; but from these vent'rous deeds
 The timid shrink: yet envious view the youth
 Of such rash daring.

Once it chanced that two
 Upon the nether bank, alone were left.
 Of these Tockwallerdon was one; he, who
 Like feather on the wave might float untir'd
 The live-long day; or when he will'd, could reach
 The untried depths, and thence triumphant bring
 The sparkling pebble. Now prepar'd to plunge
 In the lov'd element, upon the brink
 He stood impatient; emulous to gain
 Th' opposing shore, with those who seem'd the goal
 Already to attain. But eying mild
 The stripling fair who wistful gaz'd with him

Upon the band, unthinking he propos'd
 That he towards the farther bank might bear
 Him o'er the wave. Pleased with the thought, the boy,
 Though all unused beyond his depth to dare,
 Yielded consent. Instant the fearless youth,
 Whose humble name adorns my humbler verse,
 Bends to receive his burthen—eager leaps
 Into the stream, and stems with dauntless breast,
 The treacherous current; soon to gain, he thinks,
 The distant shore, and there, the trembling boy
 In transport to release.

But him, alas!

No hope so sweet allure: the distant bank,
 To him seem'd veil'd in mist—the gulph below
 Unfathomable—and the friendly arm
 That hitherto had firm sustain'd his weight,
 Quick shrinking from his hold. What should he do
 But closer cling to that frail stay? That stay
 Too soon to vanish from his anxious grasp.
 In vain the manly youth, his timid charge
 To reassurance, essay'd; yet closer still
 He press'd: and now by fear convuls'd, with gripe
 Resistless, seiz'd his vig'rous arm, and down

Precipitate they sunk !

But lo ! where quick

Uprisen, still buoyant floats th' heroic youth !

Wildly he stares around ; but where, O where

The dear companion of his toils ? Beneath

Th' unpitying tide he welters low, to rise

Perchance, no more ! a moment's lapse may seal

His doom irrevocable. Tockwallerdon

That moment seiz'd, and instant plunging deep,

In triumph rose with the lov'd boy ; who now

To air restor'd, again respir'd : but in

This hour of peril, Reason fled, alarm'd,

Her tottering throne, and Terrour hideous eying

The timorous victim of no coward fears,

(Like the dread Crotalus his fluttering prey)

Quite vanquish'd him. Again he sinks—again

Entangled in his arms, the youth yet unsubdued,

Sinks in the liquid gulph.

Hah ! dost thou mark ?

Dost mark yon swelling wave ? O piteous Heaven !

Thine arm is there : by that upborne, behold

Once more, th' inseparable pair, to light,

To life restor'd ; yet trembling still upon

The verge of fate. Incomparable youth!
 Why, why prolong the desperate struggle? perish
 The boy, and save, O save thy dearer self!
 'Tis Nature, Duty, prompts the pious act:
 And hark! thy lov'd companions, frantic now,
 In pity of thy fate, incessant urge
 The sacrifice. "No, let me perish first—
 Perish Tockwallerdon," in accent faint
 Return'd the youth, "ere I, on terms so base,
 A wretched being should prolong."

And now
 Exhausted nature could no more; his heart
 Almost to bursting swell'd, reluctant seem'd
 Quick yielding to its fate—and they, within
 Each other's arms again fast lock'd, to seek
 Beneath the deepening wave, a long repose.
 That sullen wave (O wondrous destiny)
 Disparting once again, a third time closed
 Above their heads!

—But whence that burst of joy?
 Do they still live? does he, the chieftain's son,
 The generous youth, still live? lo where he floats
 All motionless, extended at his length,

And every latent spark of life extinct.
 Favourite of Heaven, farewell! Angels shall chant
 Thy requiem soft, and heavenly pity, thy
 Lov'd memory embalm.

Yet look! he moves—

O Goodness infinite! the vital flame
 Seems o'er his soul to steal, and wake once more
 To all the stern realities of life,
 The hapless youth. Ah! not unconscious he;
 Though pale Expectancy is mute, and Hope
 On trembling wings to Mercy's seat has fled.
 One effort more, perchance, he yet intends—
 One effort more to save the wretched boy,
 Or to a watery grave, himself consign.
 He's gone! where yonder ripple curls the wave,
 He sinks—he dies!

Hah! he yet lives—for see
 Slow rising, see th' intrepid youth, and in
 His arms (O saddening sight) the breathless boy!
 Ah! what to him is now this beauteous sky,
 These airs Favonian, and the rapturous cries
 Of his lov'd brothers! powerless he floats,
 Nor feels the glow of yonder setting sun,

Nor drinks the fragrant breeze, nor hears the notes
Of gratulation, bursting warm from tongues
Innumerous, while toward the shore, upborne
By that dear arm, he silent moves along.
And now, blest Heaven, 'tis gain'd! and now, O power
Of love beneficent! a genial warmth
Into his breast exanimate is quick
Infused—o'er his wan cheek contagious steals
The crimson glow of latent life—one pang,
A momentary pang shoots through his brain—
And sudden waking as from troubled dream,
He pants—he breathes—he lives!

N O T E S.



NOTES.

*Hail! glorious vestiges of ancient art,
Ye proud memorials of an age unknown,
That here, sav'd from the wreck of envious Time,
In solitary grandeur awful stand—
Say whence your origin?*

Note 1—Page 5.

Pæstum, a city in that portion of Italy, anciently called Lucania, whose magnificent remains have but recently attracted the curiosity of the world, is situated in a southwardly direction from Naples, and though within a comparatively short distance of that gay metropolis, seems to have been buried for ages in the most profound oblivion. Its history is veiled in obscurity; and great discrepancy of opinion has prevailed in respect to its antiquities: though it is now, I believe, generally conceded that they are of Greek origin. ‘The marks of ancient Grecian art,’ observes Wilkins, ‘are indelibly imprinted on them.’ Some, however, attribute the monuments of Pæstum to a remoter age, and suppose them to be the works of the Dorians, the founders of the city. Yet, however antiquaries may disagree as to the *builders*, they all unite in extolling the beauty and grandeur of the edifices themselves: it has even been asserted that Pæstum, in regard to the magnificence of its buildings, must have been but little inferior to the renowned city of Athens itself.

Several very splendid works have already been published on the antiquities of Pæstum. Delagardette, a French architect,

and the author of one of them, expresses himself in the following animated terms on beholding for the first time these astonishing ruins, and their accompanying scenery:—

“ La plus vive émotion a dû pénétrer les voyageurs heureux, qui ont pu vaincre les obstacles, et parvenir à travers les plaines de la Grèce, de l' Asie, et de l' Egypte, aux villes d' Athènes, de Balbec, de Palmyre, et de Thèbes ! Telle fut celle que j' éprouvai dans toute sa force en arrivant dans la Lucanie, en arrivant à Pæstum. Et à la vérité quelle scène imposante pour un artiste observateur, que celle de voir sur les rivages de la mer, un espace immense et aride, entouré de murailles, couvert de colonnes et de monuments majestueux, où sous un beau ciel qu' aucun nuage n' obscurcit, regne le silence le plus absolu : n' ayant d' autres habitants autour de lui que ses compagnons de voyage, que quelques rustres occupés à faire paître des buffles, que des pierres et des serpents. Combien un pareil ensemble doit lui faire naître d' idées diverses et de réflexions profondes ! Vivement ému, j' étois dans une sorte de délire, à l' aspect du tableau extraordinaire qui se dérouloit devant moi. Mais portant mes regards sur chacun des monuments en particulier, je crus appercevoir ce génie sublime qui avoit présidé à l' invention de ces chef-d'œuvres, et le savoir profond qui avoit conduit leur exécution.”

Eustace and Forsyth are the latest travellers who have given a description of Pæstum. The former, who viewed its august remains with the eye of an enthusiast and the imagination of a poet, has appropriated some pages to their description: and the latter, who was not apt to see things in too favourable a light, experienced all the fervour of a devotee while he contemplated them. “ On entering the walls of Pæstum,” says Forsyth, “ I felt all the religion of the place. I trod as on sacred ground. I stood amazed at the long obscurity of its mighty ruins. Taking into view their immemorial antiquity, their astonishing

preservation, their grandeur, or rather grandiosity, their bold columnar elevation, at once massive and open, their severe simplicity of design, that simplicity in which art generally begins, and to which, after a thousand revolutions of ornament, it again returns—taking, I say, all into one view, I do not hesitate to call these the most impressive monuments that I ever beheld!"

The columns of three temples with their broken entablatures and pediments, and a long range of dilapidated walls, are almost the only objects which now strike the eye of the beholder. These, indeed, sufficiently betoken the magnificence and grandeur of the ancient city; and must, as long as any fragments of them remain, continue to attract the attention and excite the admiration of the traveller and antiquary. The largest temple is nearly two hundred feet in length, and in breadth, about eighty: and its columns, with a diameter of little less than seven feet, do not attain an elevation of quite thirty. The entablature in height, is about three sevenths of that of the columns. From these measurements some idea may be formed of the prodigious bulk and massiveness of the constituent parts of the edifice; and of their grandeur in a collective point of view. The dimensions of the next largest building do not differ materially from the foregoing: but the smallest temple little exceeds one hundred feet in length and falls short of a moiety of that number in breadth. The walls of the city remain in all their circumference, five at least, and in some places, twelve feet in height: they are formed of solid blocks of stone of a quadrangular form (not polyedrick as Forsyth affirms) with towers at intervals. The arch way of one gate only, stands entire. Considering the materials and extent of this rampart, and its once great elevation, it must be acknowledged that it was on the whole a work of great strength and magnificence.

More need not be added. The subject may, in the absence,

of historical facts, at first view appear a barren one ; but in other hands it would be susceptible of the highest poetical embellishment, and lead to reflections of the deepest interest.

—

The proud coevals of Imperial Rome.

Note 2—page 14.

There is, perhaps, a little poetical license in this ; though it accords well enough with the dreams of some antiquaries. Winkelmann's testimony, too, is to the purpose : "Ces édifices (says he) sont sans contredit, les plus anciens monumens que nous ayons de l' architecture Grecque." And it has been elsewhere observed, "that about the time when the temples of Pæstum were built, architecture seems to have received that degree of improvement which the elegant taste of the Greeks had struck out from the rude masses of the Egyptians, the first inventors of this, as of many other arts."

—

*Who from mid heaven,
To which thy misty tops ascend, Alburnus,
Shall tumble thee to earth ?*

Note 3—page 18.

Alburnus is a mountain of considerable elevation in the vicinity of Pæstum : Virgil has rendered the name familiar to classical ears. There is a mournful pleasure in contrasting the perishable works of man, with the eternal monuments of nature.

—

*That ocean's god,
The tutelary god, should his own seat
Forsake ?*

Note 4—page 18.

Pæstum was dedicated to Neptune. It is affirmed that the sea has retreated from this and the neighbouring coasts.

*Here too amidst the waste, with blush of morn,
Breathing Sabean sweets, still lonely blooms,
And shall forever bloom, thy lovely rose,
O Pastum.*

Note 5—page 19.

"A few rose bushes, the remnants of *biferi rosaria Paesti*, flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year, in May and in December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets."—*Classical Tour, &c.*

*'Twas on that dubious morn,
That Nitis, daughter of a race contemn'd, &c.*

Note 6—page 23.

The Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, the able defender of the North American Indians (a race of men of lofty and original minds, and worthy of a better fate) relates a most affecting story of a woman belonging to one of their tribes, who, with her three children, undertook a journey at the commencement of the severe winter of 1739—40, over the Appalachian mountains, to visit her friends on one of the islands in the Susquehanna: It is indeed a tale of horrour; but it displays in a striking point of view the greatness of the Indian character. The principal facts related by Mr. H. will be found in the little tale which I have entitled '*Enda Mohatink*': but it would be difficult to render the story more pathetic than it is in the simple original.

'*Enda Mohatink*' means literally, *the place where human flesh was eaten*; and the word '*Nitis*', *a confidential friend*.

The Indian's summer delighted to prolong.

Note 7—page 24.

The Autumnal months in many parts of North America, are very delightful. So warm and balmy are they, indeed, that we

seem still to feel the genial influences of the more fervid season, amid the gradual decay of the leaf and the extinction of verdure. And as this is the period when the Indians take most delight in the chase (and it is this which constitutes their richest harvest) the season has hence been emphatically styled *the Indian Summer.*

*For on the instant whelm'd
Beneath the bounding surge, the shatter'd bark
Low sunk by the incumbent weight, scarce rose
Again : and all within (alas ! not all)
Were deep immersed beneath the briny wave.*

Note 8—page 39.

The circumstances attending a late disastrous shipwreck, must be fresh in the recollection of almost every one. A vessel on board of which were passengers, men, women, and children, encountered a storm, and in the midst of it was (to use a nautical phrase) suddenly thrown on her *beam ends*; in consequence of which she immediately filled with water. The passengers who were in the cabin were drowned; but several seamen who were likewise below at the moment, escaped a like fate, by clambering out of the reach of the water, for some portion of the hull of the vessel still remained above the surface of the sea. Yet a more melancholy situation than theirs cannot well be conceived of. They were enveloped in darkness, cut off from all means of escape, and left to the mercy of the winds and waves. Such as happened to survive the storm without, were happily taken from the wreck soon after it abated; but those within were ignorantly abandoned to their fate. Even these, however, were, by a sort of miracle, afterwards released!

The sonnet entitled '*The Solitary of the Wreck,*' commemorates another extraordinary instance of preservation from shipwreck. In this case little more than the keel of the vessel was

discernible above the water! It should seem that there must have been a presentiment that a human being was incarcerated in it.

*Thou mansion superb! and ye scenes of delight!
How long will ye ravish the heart and the eye?—
Hah! the spell is dissolv'd—and to thee all is night,
And a dream, which must end in a heart rending sigh.*

Note 9.—Page 55.

As the subject of *Fonthill* seems to have engrossed the attention of the British public for a considerable time past, and as it has excited some degree of curiosity on this side of the water, the following brief account of it may not prove uninteresting to those who have not had an opportunity of reading the publications of the day. The case of Mr. Beckford is, indeed, a striking instance of the mutability of fortune; and may well produce alarm in the breasts of those who feel most secure of her favours.

“Fonthill Gifford, so called in contradistinction to the adjoining manor of Fonthill Bishop, was, at the period of the Domesday-Survey, held by the ancient family of Gifford; from whom it passed into the hands of the Wests (lord Delawar,) and successively through other owners, including Bradshaw during the inter-regnum, and the Coltingtons before and after the restoration, till it was purchased by William Beckford, the father of the present proprietor, and famous in the records of the city of London for a bold remonstrance which he is reported to have delivered to the king in the year 1770. Mr. Beckford possessed immense estates in Jamaica, and was twice Lord Mayor of London. At the time of his death, his son, the present proprietor, was a minor. Succeeding to almost boundless wealth, and endowed with a genius paralleled only by the measureless power of gratification which riches offered, the

young owner of Fonthill commenced his career. Alderman Beckford, in the plenitude of his fortune, had, when the former mansion was destroyed by fire, built a noble house in the grounds to the right of what is now the entrance-gate on the London road, and fronting a fine basin of water, agreeably to the fashion of that time. But this noble residence fell far short of the ambition of his successor, who ordered it to be demolished, and, with a profusion probably unexampled in the history of an individual, commenced the superb design which now receives, as it always attracted, the admiration of the country.

In order to understand the effect of this extraordinary structure, you must imagine a lofty hill, completely surrounded by a circle of lesser hills, of which it forms nearly the centre. It commands the whole of them. They are distant from it about five or six miles all round, being in some parts regular, in some beautifully undulated, in others bold and abrupt. The interval between the central hill and those in the circumference, is hollowed out by the hand of nature into a number of irregular valleys, whose deepest recesses are in the neighbourhood of this Abbey. The sides of the surrounding hills present for the most part gentle and extended declivities, though here and there, in the half distance, breasts of land suddenly swell out from the bosom of the vale, which give diversity and shading to the prospect. On the west, north, and particularly on the south, these hills and breasts of land are thickly wooded, the declivities are divided into fields for corn or pasture, the vallies are planted with shrubs and choice trees in the most picturesque taste, and in some places they are laid out in green lawns and gardens, which always fascinate the eye. Upon the summit of the central hill stands Fonthill Abbey; thus commanding on every side such varied and enchanting prospects as are scarcely to be found in any other part of England—rich without gorgeousness, harmonious

without monotony, simple without negligence—such as we conceive in imagination when we dream of the Happy Valley of Basselas.

The edifice is built in the monastic style, and presents in new and solid perfection a pile of Gothic architecture, not unlike that of Westminster Abbey. It is in the form of a cross, the longest branch of which extends towards the east, the shortest towards the west; the two aisles [the transepts] are of equal length, one to the north, the other to the south, the whole four branches being in excellent proportion. The centre where the four divisions meet, is in the shape of an octagon, which is formed by eight double clustered piers of great height and massive beauty. These piers sustain eight lofty pointed arches, and upon these arches is raised an immense tower, which forms the principal external feature of the Abbey. It is about 280 feet in height, and rises in a square form, from between four pediments. Lofty as it is, it is yet unfinished; the spire remains to be added, which, from the proportion, must be raised at least 120 feet. This is to be surmounted by a cross, and the whole, when finished, will present a tower and spire, whose highest point will be 400 feet from the ground. Some idea may be formed of the extensive view which the highest galleries afford, when it is observed that the base of the tower is as high as the top of the spire of Salisbury cathedral, which is remarkable for its altitude. On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair! and we can readily credit this report, for we are well assured that the building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception. At one period

every cart and wagon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labours of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture, and woods below, from one of those eminences in the walks which we have already described, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power. These singular traits of character will not surprise those who have made mankind their study: It is the very course of nature, when satiated with all that inordinate wealth can purchase, to aim at higher, probably at extravagant sources of gratification: and the minds most nearly allied to genius, are the most apt to plunge into these extremes.

It appears that the cause of this magnificent place being sold is, that Mr. Beckford has suffered great, and indeed irreparable, losses in his West-India property. The truth is, that there are executions in the Abbey, at this moment, to a vast amount. The view of the effects has taken place entirely under the controul of the Sheriff; and the persons who have been taken for the Abbey servants, and whose civil demeanour in exhibiting the rarities of the place, calls for our acknowledgments, are no other than Sheriff's officers. The produce of the admission tick-

ets, which probably amounts to ten thousand pounds, [about 50,000 dollars] goes towards the liquidation of the debts. Looking at the matter in this view, it cannot but excite painful and melancholy reflections on the tenure by which men hold the goods of this life. Those who were acquainted with Mr. Beckford's circumstances some years ago, thought him so secure in the enjoyment of a princely income, that he was absolutely beyond the reach of fortune. He at one time was in the actual receipt of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds [700,000 dollars] a year! It cannot be said of him that he wasted his inheritance at the gaming table. This palace, which he raised on a barren mountain, the greater part of those vast plantations which surround it—the collection of books, and rare works of art, and the superb furniture, which give such peculiar dignity and splendour to the interior of his residence, speak at once the immensity of his means, and attest the propriety and gracefulness of their application. To him, who, whatever you may hear to the contrary, seems really to have devoted his whole force to the business of making this abbey realize the most fascinating visions of a noble imagination, such a frustration of all his hopes, in the evening of his life, must be poignant beyond the common intensity of human feelings. The abbey was the only enjoyment he had in this world. There he saw the years and seasons succeed each other, without any society, feeding his fancy amid the splendid and romantic solitude around him. Imbued with the spirit of elegant literature, gifted with poetic inspirations far beyond those which have raised many modern names to celebrity, a perfect master of the living languages, and not unskilled in the lore of antiquity, passionately fond of music, painting, and the liberal arts, he divided his hours amongst the various elegant employments which his accomplished mind, his uninterrupted seclusion, and his inexhaustible resources, must have rendered transcendently delightful."

English Newspaper.

*'Th' untrain'd painter saw in thee, and smil'd,
The youthful warrior of his native wild.*

Note 10—page 57.

"The Italians, concluding that, as he was an American, he must, of course, have received the education of a savage, became curious to witness the effect which the works of art in the Belvidere and Vatican would produce on him. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view, because it was the most perfect work among all the ornaments of Rome; and, consequently, the best calculated to produce that effect which the new acquaintances of the young painter were anxious to witness. The statue then stood in a case, enclosed with doors, which could be so opened as to disclose it at once to full view: West was placed in the situation where it was seen to the most advantage, and the spectators (among whom were some of the first nobility of Rome) arranged themselves on each side. When the keeper threw open the doors, the Artist felt himself surprised with a sudden recollection altogether different from the gratification which he had expected; and, without being aware of the force of what he said, exclaimed, 'My God, how like it is to a young Mohawk warrior!' The Italians observing his surprise, and hearing the exclamation, requested Mr. Robinson to translate to them what he said; and they were excessively mortified to find that the god of their idolatry was compared to a savage. Mr. Robinson mentioned to West their chagrin, and asked him to give some more distinct explanation, by informing him what sort of people the Mohawk Indians were. He described to him their education; their dexterity with the bow and arrow; the admirable elasticity of their limbs; and how much their active life expands the chest, while the quick breathing of their speed in the chase, dilates the nostrils with that apparent consciousness of vigour which is so nobly depicted in the Apollo. 'I have seen them often,' added he, 'standing in that

very attitude, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' This descriptive explanation did not lose by Mr. Robinson's translation. The Italians were delighted, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced on the merits of the statue."

Galt's Life of West.

The little volume from which I have made the foregoing extract, is an amusing work; and some of the incidents recorded in it would furnish very beautiful subjects for the pencil. It is, as it purports to be, a mere sketch of the early life of West: but if it had not been written under the eye of the venerable President, we might be inclined to doubt the truth of some of the facts stated in it. An authentic life of the great Painter, accompanied by a just and candid criticism, and faithful analysis of his principal works, is still a desideratum.

I wish I were in Heaven.

Note 11—Page 62.

The incidents which led to the composition of this, and the following little piece, happened in childhood; a period of life when tears softly descend like April showers, and are dissipated as such; to be succeeded at length, alas! by the lurid skies and the parching winds of the desert.

*What shadowy form is that I see
Slow moving in the twilight gloom,
The semblance sad of misery?*

Note 12—Page 65.

"The mother of the Indian Chief who died this summer, and who is far advanced in years, now remains in a tent at the distance of a few rods from our fort. Almost every day, just as the sun is sinking below the horizon, the venerable woman goes to

the place where her deceased son, when alive, was accustomed to encamp (when he came to the fort) and there weeps, and sings a mournful kind of song, of which the following is a translation: ‘My dear son, come to me! why do you leave me, my son?’ This she repeats for two hours together, in the most plaintive and melancholy tone imaginable.”

Harmon’s Journal.

What spectacle in nature is there so mournful as that of a mother weeping over a lost son? and was there ever a sadder picture, presented to the imagination, than that which the above extract offers? How forcibly are we reminded, in reading it, of a similar instance of parental grief recorded in Holy Writ; “And the King was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said—O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom. Would to God I had died for thee, Absalom, my son, my son!” Sorrow invades the palace as well as the cabin; and the language in both these instances, is that of nature and of feeling.

Wretch forlorn, I go, I go, &c.

Note 13—Page 67.

“The songs of the Indians are in general of the warlike, or of the tender and pathetic kind. They are sung in short sentences, not without some kind of measure, harmonious to an Indian ear. Nor do they always sing the whole at one time, but generally in detached parts, and as the occasion or their feelings prompt them.”

Heckewelder.

The ‘Song of the Lenape Warrior, on going to battle,’ is the same as that which is translated by the rev. author above quoted. I have only endeavoured to give a poetical version of it.

* * * It should have been mentioned in Note 10, that the introductory lines of ‘*The Apollo Belvidere*,’ are an imitation of Delille.

Thou sleep'st in marble now, O West!

Note 14—Page 71.

The late venerable President of the Royal Academy, (though he must soon have found a rival among his own countrymen) was justly regarded by the world as the ablest *American* painter: for such he must be considered, although he passed sixty years of a long and brilliant life in the country of his adoption. To that country he was, indeed, much indebted; and I am rejoiced that it participates in his fame. To an ever ardent love of his profession, West added the most indefatigable industry, and a consummate knowledge of the art. I have, in truth, heard it asserted (and the assertion was made by one who knew him intimately, and from whose judgment there can be no appeal) that he was the most learned painter of his day. It has been much the fashion, at times, to decry his talents; and it will readily be conceded that if he had painted less, his fame would have rested upon a more imperishable basis. Yet West enjoyed during his lifetime, a degree of celebrity which is allotted to but very few men; and his name will be remembered long after most of his cotemporaries are forgotten. It is unfortunate for us, that the only specimen of importance which we possess, of the works of the master (I allude to the great picture at Philadelphia) should be a *copy*. The venerable artist, indeed, assured his countrymen that it was superior to that which he originally intended for the Hospital: but although he probably deceived himself (as was the case with Milton, in respect to his poem of *Paradise Regained*) we must not impose upon ourselves. *Simond*, who is fastidious to a fault on the subject of pictures, acknowledges that West would be entitled to the epithet *great*, if he had painted no other pictures than those of the '*Death of Wolfe*,' and '*the Battle of La Hogue*'.

No one can doubt for an instant, on whom the mantle of West has fallen. With *Him*, it will not only remain untarnished, but

will acquire such additional brilliancy, that no lapse of time can diminish its lustre. I shall not here repeat a name, for the introduction of which at all, it becomes me humbly to apologize; not to the public, indeed—that name will never pall upon their ear—but to the artist himself. For although I am not sensible that I have indulged in any extravagance of eulogy, that gentleman, I know, would shrink as intuitively from all gross adulation, or unmeaning praise, as Virgil was accustomed suddenly to withdraw from the ardent gaze of the Roman multitude.

I cannot omit, on this occasion, to notice again one more American artist whose opinion I have already quoted, and who, in the department of portrait painting, is without a rival—need I mention the name of Stuart? His portraits have a peculiar air of dignity and propriety—his touch is bold and masterly—and his colouring such as Titian himself would not disdain to own. That his imagination is as brilliant, and his power over the pencil as perfect, as ever, no one, who has viewed the portraits of the five Presidents, (recently exhibited in Boston) can hesitate to affirm.

In the junior class of American artists are two young men who seem to have entered upon a career of glory—I allude to Leslie and Newton.

For as Thou bidd'st, &c.

Note 15—Page 73.

The pictures here referred to, are all emanations of the same Genius. The *Saint Peter delivered from Prison*, was purchased by Sir George Beaumont, and now forms the altar piece of a chapel. The *Dead man restored to life by touching the bones of Elisha*, belongs to the Academy of Arts in Philadelphia, and is the most precious of all its acquisitions: indeed it there stands alone. The Earl of Egremont has the *Jacob's Dream*—a picture in which the whole soul of poetry is emphatically said to be con-

centrated. The *Angel Uriel*, a production not unlike the last mentioned in many respects, adorns the splendid Gallery of the Marquis of Stafford. The *Jeremiah*, which justly merits the encomiums that have been lavished upon it, is happily in the possession of a private individual in Boston. *Elijah fed by the Ravens* (a splendid effort in landscape painting) and the *Belshazzar* (a picture not yet finished, and which will probably surpass all anterior works of the same pencil) are in the hands of the painter.

We may boast of possessing, in addition to those already mentioned as being in this country, about five and twenty other pictures by the same artist. *The Witch of Endor*, a very beautiful cabinet picture, which I have included in the above estimate, was purchased not long since by the Hon. T. H. Perkins, one of the few gentlemen in this country who have the means as well as the disposition to encourage the arts.

*They wake! O Heavens! what now avails their zeal?
Precipitous their maddening course they keep,
And reeling now they make the shuddering leap,
Down dash'd 'mid watery worlds, with all their weal!*

Note 18—Page 76.

Not many months since, three men were precipitated over the cataract of Niagara. They had fallen asleep in their boat, and getting within the mighty current, were swept irresistibly away. Can the mind conceive of a more terrific—a more sublime situation than theirs, just before the fatal catastrophe?

*O blush, ye monarchs,
Blush that a subject should the first conceive
The thought sublime—nor that, indeed, alone—
But boldly enter on the great emprise.*

Note 17—Page 85.

The article entitled ‘Canova’ was written some time ago. The idea of the restoration of the Parthenon appeared to me, even then, an illusion; but, having heard much of the munificence of that great man, I considered it an event not altogether improbable. Yet if the idea was merely illusory, it was too pleasing to be banished from the mind at once. So far from being restored, the Parthenon is said to have been nearly destroyed during the recent struggles for the possession of the citadel of Athens. Thanks to the enlightened zeal of the inhabitants of North Britain, the world will soon possess an incomparable model of that matchless temple. Admitting that the Parthenon should not have been destroyed, we are not to hope for its restoration in these degenerate times. When monarchs can behold with indifference a whole people exterminated by a ruthless and savage foe, they must witness with still less concern the destruction of their temples. No; we must wait till another Hadrian arise—or till other munificent patrons of the arts, like him on whom I have bestowed the meed of praise, shall come upon the stage. For now,

Lo! where by Genius and by Taste deplo'rd,
As once by an admiring world ador'd—
Lo where inurn'd the great Canova sleeps!
While bending near lov'd Art desponding weeps:
And all the nymphs of Helicon prepare
To shade with baye the dust which moulders there.

As once the follower of the Prince of Peace.

Note 18—page 87.

I have in this piece endeavoured, though with but little success, to present to the mind's eye a noble picture exhibited a

year or two since, in the metropolis of this state ; The subject—
*Jeremiah dictating to Baruch his prophecy of the destruction of
 Jerusalem.*

*Or amid thy bowers,
 Like Milton, erring seeks an earthly love,
 And clasps instead, sparkling with gems of heaven,
 A sky-born maid !*

Note 19—Page 94.

The beautiful story concerning Milton, to which an allusion is made in the above lines, may not be recollect ed by every one. It is probably apocryphal, but is scarcely the less interesting on that account.

An Italian lady, travelling near Cambridge while Milton was at the university, happened to discover him asleep by the road side. The incident excited her curiosity, and she stopped to survey the youth. Struck with his extraordinary personal charms, she immediately wrote with her pencil a few lines from an Italian poet (which I have imitated below) and without disturbing his slumbers, deposited them by his side. The surprise of the youth when he awoke, may readily be imagined. It was in pursuit of this lady that Milton, it is said, made his journey to Italy : and this, we are to believe, was the origin of the immortal poem of *Paradise Lost*!!

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Eyes that earthly stars enclose,
 Eyes, the authors of my woes ;
 That in dreams (your power how dread !)
 Tell me that ye wish me dead—
 If when shut ye wound me so,
 What when open must ye do ?

Oolaita!

Note 20—Page 99.

I believe Captain Pike was the first traveller in the Interior who related the story of Oolaita : he considered it a wonderful instance of sentiment in a savage ! At this I am not surprised ; for he appears to have possessed a goodly portion of the leaven of our ancestors, and like them could find no other epithets for the inmates of our forests, but "dogs," "rascals," "scoundrels" and "devils." For the name of the heroine above mentioned, we are indebted to Mr. Schoolcraft. The story is inimitably told by the accomplished author of the poem to which I have referred in the text.

Tockwallerdon.

Note 21—page 100.

I could not suffer so remarkable an instance of heroism, as that which I have attempted to celebrate, to pass wholly unnoticed ; though I never heard of this noble youth's name, till the last sheets of the text were printing. Tockwallerdon I am informed belonged to the Five Nations ; and was an under-graduate, in 1804-5, of Dartmouth College ; though he could not have taken a degree, as his name does not appear in the catalogue. The account of the drowning scene was orally communicated to me by a gentleman on whose veracity I can rely ; and as I have already given too circumstantial an account of it, nothing more is necessary to be added here. It may not, however, be amiss to observe, that during the perilous struggle, the classmates of the young Indian repeatedly urged him to abandon his companion, and save his own life ; but their warmest entreaties had no effect on him : he would have considered life of no value if redeemed on such terms. I regret that I have not had time to abridge or modify the piece. I may well lament, indeed, the imperfection of the whole volume ; for it has been for the most part very hastily composed.

A T H E N S;

AND

O T H E R P O E M S.

*Sweet fount of Castalie, and ye beside,
Immortal streams! that flow with tuneful lapse
The Muses' bowers among, why were ye lock'd
From me?*

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The Ruins of Paestum.

1821-1835.

SALEM:

CUSHING AND APPLETON.

1824.
S. W. H.



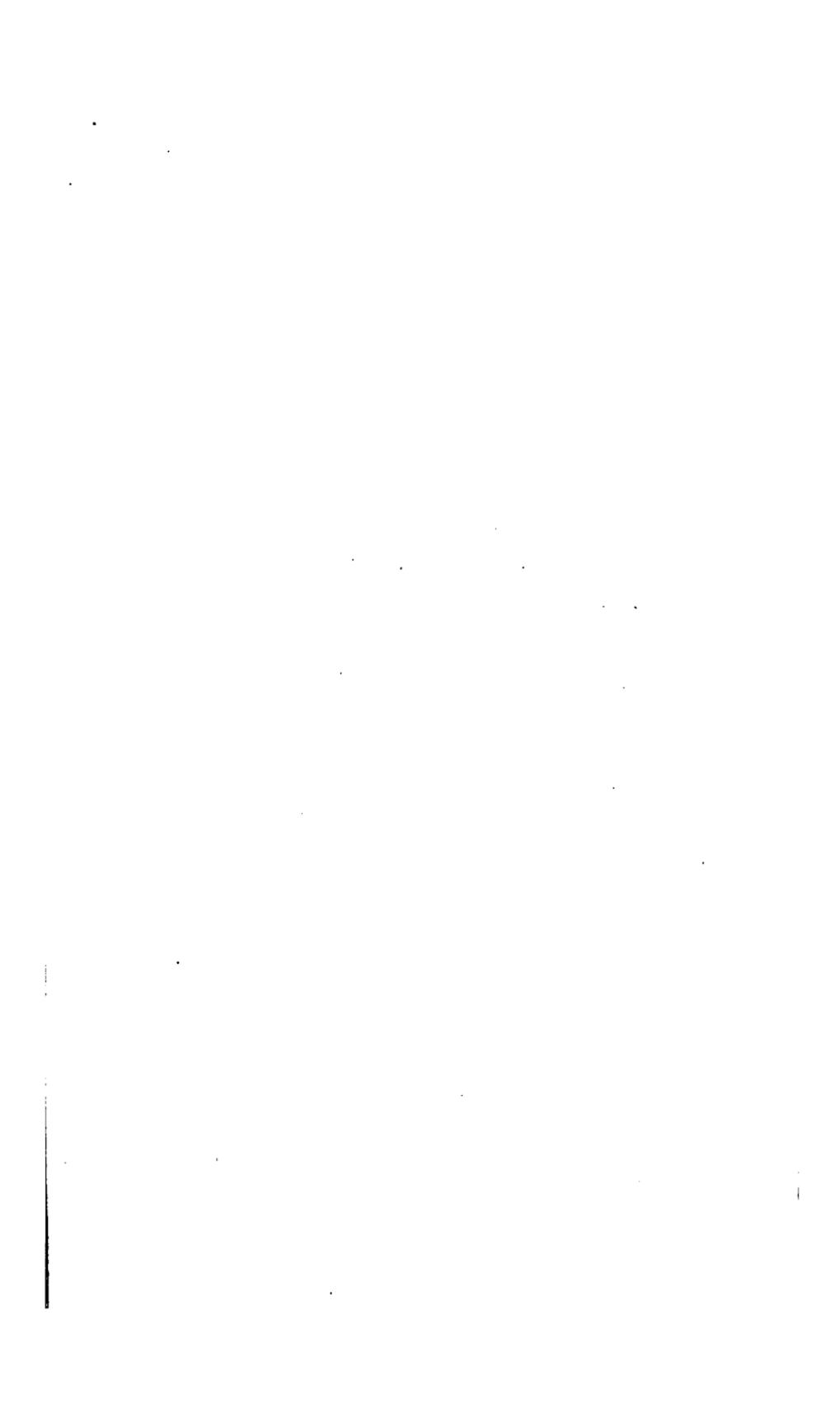
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PRINTED BY JOHN D. CUSHING, SALEM, MASS.
JANUARY, 1824.

A T H E N S;

*“Cold, Athens! is the heart that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they lov'd.”*

Byron's Childe Harold.



A T H E N S.

Lo ! here, upon the sacred hill* where sleeps
The great Musæus, bard of old renown'd—
Lo ! here, amid *The City's* bounds, I stand.¹
How swells the varied landscape on the eye !
How glows the extended, verdant plain beneath !
How rural all, and pastoral, the scene !
Alas ! I dream ; 'tis mere illusion this,
Mere mockery all ! else from this giddy height
The imperfect vision palters with the sense.
Yet why this throbbing pulse, this burning brain,
This more than Pythian rage within my breast ?—
O Heaven ! 'tis now, bright Truth, thy potent sway,
And all the enchantment of the place, I feel :
The mist of error fast dissolves away,
And one broad blaze of light enwraps the world.
Mountains and hills and vales, and isles that gem
The distant main, now desolate indeed,
And sunk inglorious 'neath the oppressor's sway.

* The Museum hill.

Yet subject once, proud Attica, to thee,
Burst on the mournful view. Prospect sublime !
And lovely as sublime ! though only such
To him, who through the lengthen'd vista views
With gaze intent, as backward he reverts
The mental eye 'mid long revolving years,
Thy glories, Athens, and thy various fate.
But who, 'mong scenes resplendent in the page
Of the Historic Muse, shall with bold hand
Pourtray the wondrous change ; depict severe
The mournful triumphs of unsparing Time,
Or ravages of man more ruthless still ;
And over all the halo warm diffuse
Of centuries elaps'd ? And, hardier still,
Who with Promethean skill may now awake,
Though but for one short hour, the glorious spirits
Of elder time, and animate, (how vain !)
The scenes once trodden by their hallowed feet ?
And is it thee, O Athens, I behold ?
Thee, Athens, mistress of the land and main !
Thee, mother of philosophy, and nurse
Of arts divine ! How sad is thy reverse !
Where now of towering altitude thy walls ?
Say, where thy temples, fit abodes for gods

Themselves, and built for immortality ?
Where now the porticoes of Parian stone,
That lin'd thy streets interminable ? where
The bright, ethereal forms, whose archetypes
In heaven alone are found, or in the dreams
Of favour'd genius seen ? And where, ah ! where,
Thy heroes, patriots, sages, bards divine ?
Alas ! these in their urns are shrunk, and those,
Like visions of the night, dissolv'd in air !
For here, assisted by immortal hands,
Here, Athens, restless toil'd thy sturdier sons :
To them the isles their precious stores resign'd ;
Seas constant groan'd beneath the freighted mass,
And echoing hills within thy wild domain
(Witness Pentelicus, embowell'd deep,
That still above the clouds protrudes his head)
Resounded with the ponderous hammer's stroke !
Yet now from all the congregated weight,
That labouring ages had pil'd up, releas'd,
Behold, once more to Ceres' gentler sway
Restor'd, expands the beauteous plain below !
Yet all, lov'd Athens, is not chang'd ; thy streams,
Thy hills, remain. Look ! where the eternal rock,
Yclep'd Cecropia, citadel renown'd,

With front of adamant still awes the plain;
 And bears aloft its fane majestic,* great,
 Though in decay, and sinking fast beneath the ground
 The incumbent weight of twice a thousand years.
 Look where Hymettus lifts his ampler brow,
 Hymettus, odorous still with balmy thyme,
 And yielding still his fam'd mellifluous stores.
 See too, where, lost amid the vale, extends
 His flow'ry base, see where Ilissus glides,
 Murmuring the Muses' early haunts among,
 Though scarce a Naiad now may fill her urn
 At his lov'd source. And, as thine eager eye
 Looks westward, mark that length'ning verdant line
 Which stretches toward the port; there, underneath
 The olive shade, the peace-devoted tree
 Infix'd by goddess-hands, Cephissus winds
 His devious course, enamour'd still, as erst,
 In dark sequester'd solitudes to roam;
 There too the groves of Academus rose—
 And there, won by a mortal's voice divine,
 Philosophy came down to charm the ears
 Of listening men, and teach the way to Heaven!

Immortal streams! on your lov'd banks repos'd,
 And still at dewy eve or morn, shadowy

* The Parthenon.

Are seen, with pensive looks, light moving o'er
 The plain, the forms of godlike men. There first,
 Encircled by a band illustrious, see
 Socrates! born of earth, like all below,
 But of a soul attemper'd to divine.

Next him, in converse sweet, behold the Man
 Upon whose honied lips Persuasion hung;
 And whose deep mind, piercing the mist which here
 Dark error raises, in dull matter saw
 A soul ethereal, Heaven-deriv'd! and which
 To Heaven, anon, is destin'd to return.
 With these conjoin'd, a loftier form observe,
 Whose brows o'ershaded deep with nodding plumes,
 And breast in armour cas'd, in contrast strange
 Appears. O Xenophon! those trappings gone,
 Which well became thee on Cunaxa's field,
 Thou to lov'd Scillus' shades wast wont to hie,
 And studious there with calm philosophy,
 Delighted'st to repose. Apart from these,
 Yet by the master eyed with fond regard,
 See Alcibiades, of noble port,
 And of a spirit restless; seeking now
 In pleasure's flowery lap to waste the hours,
 And now, with contrite tears, to wash away

His guilt. Thou strange epitome of man! Had virtue then, e'en when in charms divine Array'd, no true delight for thee? But lo! Where near Ilissus' marge, the Stagirite With wrinkled front, amid the increasing throng That press around, his path untir'd pursues; His was the art to fathom nature's depths, Of matter to detect the various forms, And from its hidden agency educe The truth: yet truth, eluding still his search, He found not. With a chosen few retir'd, Behold in mood contemplative, not far Beyond, the patriot and the sage! who sought Not the applause of foolish man, but who For Heaven-born virtue was surnam'd *the Just*; And not remote from them, those forms august Whose brows with laurel wreath'd, and ardent eyes Uprais'd to Heaven, seem in high thought engag'd To them the Tragic Muse first deign'd to impart Her soul, subduing spirit,—them first taught With touch Ithuriel, to unlock the springs Of human action—waking now the soul To noblest deeds, and firing now to acts Of dark revenge. Yet thine, Euripides!

Thine was the dearest boast; from iron hearts
 To force the drops of pity—from the foe
 Compassion—and from the sad captive, tears
 Of gratitude and joy.* But who shall count
 The sparkling lights which glitter in the heavens?
 Who tell what names illustrious once adorn'd
 This glorious seat of wisdom and of art?

On that fam'd hill* scarce elevate the plain
 Above, where once the indignant god of war
 Before the assembled deities appear'd,
 (So Fable speaks) to answer for the death
 Of Halirrhothus, Neptune's son—thence nam'd
 The hill of Mars—in sacred conclave met
 The court of Areopagites, the gods
 Of this low world! Pavilion'd in thick darkness,
 And from obtrusive cares shut out, beneath
 The open sky the great assembly sat.
 Justice was theirs, unbending and severe—
 By wily art of orator unmov'd,
 By pow'r unaw'd; but yet by mercy sweet
 Attemper'd, and to wisdom's voice not deaf.
 Great Solon! once by Lydia's throneless king,
 Cowering beneath the Persian despot's frown,

* The hill of the Areopagus.

Pronounc'd wisest of men! such was the court
 August, 'stablish'd by thee.* But soon amid
 The ever varying scenes of earth, its power
 Was oft abus'd, and Justice thence expell'd,
 That crime a short-liv'd triumph might obtain.
 In after age, once summon'd to this court,
 Stood here, majestic, one, whose lofty port,
 And eye of fire, and Heav'n-inspired tongue,
 Flash'd strange conviction in th' ignoble crew,
 Whom folly gather'd to adjudge his cause.
 Methinks e'en now, towering aloft like him,
 The martial god, whose statue seem'd to quake
 And tremble at his words—methinks e'en now
 I see the holy man, emphatic term'd
 The Apostle of the Gentiles! here he stood,
 Unmov'd and undismay'd at aught his foes
 Might in their malice impotent invent;
 In flowing robe, with outstretch'd arms, and head
 Uncover'd, ardent the great advocate
 His cause defended, boldly preaching Him,
 “The unknown God,” whom ignorant they ador'd.
 Raphael! what wondrous art was that of thine:
 Such as he was, to us thou hast reveal'd
 The godlike man. Before his form august,

* To speak strictly, was new modelled by him.

Philosophy, in Stoic guise severe,
 Or Cynic stern, or Epicurean soft,
 (In the thin robe of meretricious art
 All veil'd alike) confounded and abash'd,
 Thou hast depictur'd:^{*} while, low at his feet,
 The humble neophyte, with grateful heart,
 And look that speaks conviction, eager lists
 The man divine, and breathes intenser love
 Tow'r'd Him whose glorious messenger he is.

That gentle eminence† where the oaten pipe
 Of shepherd now alone is heard, whose slope
 Is turned to the setting sun, full oft
 Was press'd by the fond many! thither throng'd,
 Tumultuous, the giddy people, pleas'd
 To mix in matters of the state, and weigh
 The destinies of realms, though all too weak
 To rule the little empire of the heart.
 Ye gods! how often have they vex'd the skies
 With their obstreperous mirth—or forc'd the tear
 At sight of folly so consummate, from
 The philosophic eye—or blanch'd the cheek
 Of innocence, by violence condemn'd.
 O better far that here the golden ear

* See the Cartoons of "Paul preaching at Athens."

† The Pnyx Hill.

Should annual to the sickle bend—the grape
 Yield its rich juice luxurious,—or flocks
 Graze harmless the declivous hill, than wild,
 Democracy, with fell demoniac rage,
 And torrent's mighty force, should here bear away.

High over these, in endless perspective,
 Arise the lofty summits of the hills
 Which frown o'er the Athenian vales; and far
 Beyond, though dimly seen (to fancy's eye)
 Except) Parnassus, and bright Helicon,
 And Jove's own mount Olympus, to the skies
 Proudly their cloudy coronets exalt.
 Anchæsus first his conic top obtrudes,
 High towering; then the rocky heights of dark
 Pentelicus, that witness'd the defeat
 Of Persia's host on Marathonia's plain:
 Where, like a brinded lion, breathing flame,
 Resistless rushing on his prey, was seen
 Miltiades! Victory in his van,
 And Death, and Havoc, and Destruction, swift
 Following in his rear, empurpling deep
 The thirsty soil with blood of recreant foes.
 Next these Briessus, Parnes, stretch in chain
 Continuous their rugged lines along

The dim horizon; there the Athenian youth
Oft met in manly fray the tusked boar,
And triumph'd in the fight. Far to the west,
Cithæron lifts his sacred head, and 'mid
His secret caves, still lists the echoes wild
Of sad Actæon's voice! or borne anon
Upon the midnight blast, affrighted hears
The dying shrieks that mournful then ascend
From Leuctra's, or Plataea's bloody fields.
And where, Ægaleos, thy darkling cliffs,
Spurting the ruffian waves, majestic rise,
There, bright in eastern pomp, glitt'ring in gold
And Tyrian purple, 'mid his suppliant slaves,
Sat the Great King! and saw, with heart appal'd,
His coward myriads shrinking from the storm
Rais'd by collision dire with Grecian foes—
Themistocles himself a mighty host!—
And ignominious seeking 'neath the wave
A shelter from their wrath. Proud Xerxes! when
From throne of costliest gems, aloft thou view'dst,
Covering the Asian plains, the multitude
Immense led on by thee to battle—thou
Wast fain to shed 'some natural tears' at sight
So grievous: now perchance when hurrying wild

O'er plains of Thessaly, or scaling swift,
By wings of fear upborne, the frowning heights:
Of Macedon and Thrace, leaving thy hordes
To gorge the vulture fierce) a bitteren tear
For thine own fate, vain monarch, secret fell!

Southward now turn, and view the ~~expans~~ of sea
That stretches out in boundless longitude,
From Corinth's towers, that wide o'erlook the gulphs
Which, there disparted, strive in vain to meet
To Scyllæum's promontory bold—and thence
To Hydra's barren shores, by Commerce made
To blossom as the rose. Hydra! thy name
Not less than prouder Salamis, shall long
The patriot muse delight: thy flag now floats
In triumph o'er the sea, and as it waves,
The Crescent pales. But look! where in the midst,
Ægina rises with the sacred fane
Of Panhellenian Jeve: and, as a speck
On Ocean's bosom, see Calauria's isle,
At once the refuge and the grave of him*
Who singly and alone a tyrant's threats
Defy'd, and fulmain'd in a monarch's ear!
But if thy vision keen extend so far,

* Demosthenes.

Now look abroad—survey the wide Ægean!
 Amid those gems of ocean, Cyclades
 So nam'd, let thy enchanted eye awhile
 Repose; and there, slow rising from the waves,
 See flow'ry Delos, once the soft abode
 Of bright Latona, and her heav'nly twins.
 See Naxos, with his vine-empurled hills;
 Where, hid in myrtle bower, the Cretan maid
 Entranced lay: but ah! too soon awaking
 From her soft dream of love, descried afar
 The faithless Theseus bounding o'er the wave.
 There Paros, dear to art, his lofty brow
 Shadowy amid the emerald sea erects;
 Revealing to the curious eye alone,
 His dazzling caves, whence Egypt's mighty fane
 Of wondrous fabric, or thy temples fair
 Renowned Greece, were with a giant's strength
 Uprais'd. Thence too were ta'en those precious
 In which celestial forms were oft conceal'd; [blocks,
 Till Genius, breathing on the mass inert,
 Dissolv'd the spell, and gave to radiant day
 Their forms divine. Than these still nearer, view
 The cliffs of Seriphos, where, wafted once
 From Argos' treacherous shore, the little bark

With its lov'd freight, the progeny of Jove,
 And his sad mother fair, fast anchor'd lay.
O Perseus! wild as tale of Araby,
 Is the light web by Fiction wov'e; of thy
 Too marvellous life. With verdure ever bright,
 Far to the south, the beauteous Is's seems
 To float upon the wave. 'Mid laurel groves,
 And overshadowing bays, and flowers that bloom
 Perennial, loading the enamour'd gates
 With perfumes, here, as in the bowers of bliss
 To lyres immortal he attunes his own,
 Reposes mighty Homer's shade! But when
 The tempest wakes the wrathful deep, and winds
 Rude music make, majestic then aon
 To some high beetling cliff it stalks, and dreams
 That still, amid the battle's din, it hears
 The shouts of victor Greece, and mourns once more,
 Or seems to mourn, the matchless Hector slain,
 And Ilioh's nodding towers! From thence, perchance
 Thy piercing view the rosy isle* may reach,
 Where Beauty, like the soft-eyed Day, when first
 From ocean's pearly caves he lifts his head,
 Resplendent rose; graceful her dewy locks.

* Cythera.

With circling arms upholding, while around
 The fragrant zephyrs joyous fan their wings,
 And Love immortal, with the heavenly train
 Of Graces, rapt'rous the bright goddess hail!
 Venus! thou sovereign arbitress of heaven—
 Delight of gods and men! 'twas thus amid
 The soft retreats of Cœs (where slumb'ring lay
 The lovely boy, by thine own handmaids nurs'd)
 To young Apelles thou wast oft reveal'd—
 Apelles, now immortal too like thee.

But where, joy'd Muse, amid the ideal fields
 Of song dost wander? There delighted hast
 Thou rov'd, as when among the flow'ry vales [of]
 And blooming bowers of earth thou stray'st; where
 With an enchantress sweet, the hours soft flow
 In silence eloquent as words that burn.
 O Nature! with primeval charms adorn'd,
 Thou ever riot'st in unfading youth;
 While man, scarce heir of one poor hour, laments
 His shorten'd date, and loud 'gainst Time inveighs
 (Himself more fell!) and deprecates his power,
 Fond fool! behold where solitary stand
 Like giants 'mid a pigmy race of men,
 The lofty pillars of the Olympian Jove!

Stood these alone, expos'd from earliest time,
 Without or roof, or architrave, or frieze
 With storied sculptures wrought by hand divine?
 Or hath the thunderbolt of Jove himself
 Destroy'd the pile sublime, and yawning earth
 Ingulph'd the cumbrous ruin? Impious thought!
 Thou self destroyer, man! 'twas thou alone
 Who from its solid base, with madd'ning rage,
 Not then, as once, with strength endued by Heav'n,
 Uprais'd the ponderous mass, and furious hurl'd
 Its hundred columns thundering to the ground:
 Witness ye monuments that skirt the plain,
 And ye that tott'ring yet, yet menace oft
 The adventurous traveller 'mid these classic scenes,
 Witness the blind, the fell revenge of man!
 And thou, the marvel of each wondering age,
 At once the shame and glory of the world,
 Majestic Parthenon!* do thou attest,
 (Alas! thou canst not long attest) the wrath
 Inveterate of him, whose plastic hand
 First drew thee from the cavern'd quarry dark,
 Ador'd the matchless work himself had rais'd, [base.
 And then (most strange perverseness!) sapp'd thy
 Forgive, immortal shade! I do thee wrong,

O Pericles! Not to the Greek, forsooth,
 Of elder or of modern time, belongs
 The lasting shame; nor to the Turk alone;
 Venice, far more to thee! and, Elgin, much
 (Though not to England) much indeed to thee.
 Hah! whence that plaint? at mention of his name,
 Methought upon the breeze a mournful sigh
 Came floating sad, as if some secret grief
 Prey'd on a widow'd heart. Alas the cause!
 Say, Elgin, didst thou hear that wild lament
 When, with the spoiler's rage, the hallowed porch
 Thou enter'dst rude, and tore away the maid?
 O bootless plunder! O barbaric spoil!
 That precious fane,* the Goths of every age,
 The Christian and the infidel, had spar'd:
 For thee alone, to mark the beauteous work
 It was reserv'd. E'er since that fatal day,
 The fond companions of the captive fair
 Her absence have deplo'red; and every gale
 That hovers near, on sympathetic wing,
 The sadd'ning plaint to distant climes conveys.

Yet one remains, the refuge of despair
 In other times, but, ah! no refuge now

* The full example of Pandrosus, on the Acropolis.

To helpless Greece, the temple built by him,
 The patriot hero to the patriot king.*
 Look! where in pristine majesty it stands,
 Though dimm'd its lustre, and despoil'd of all
 The boasted treasures of the chisell'd art.
 Thou splendid monument of elder time!
 Were but thy base deep founded as his fame,
 Thy fabric stable as his virtue's rock,
 The warring elements in vain should beat,
 And earth itself to its foundation shake,
 Yet 'mid the dire commotion thou remain! [endure
 Thou phrensi'd Gaul!* could'st thou the thought
 To wrest this dearest relick from the soil,
 To plant it impious on a foreign strand?
 Shade of immortal Theseus, arise!
 In dreadful majesty appear once more,
 And palsy with bemusing fear what hand
 Shall sacrilegious dare attempt the deed.
 Yet, even this, this stately pile, must fall;
 So, too, that prouder fane by Phidias built:
 So all these vestiges august! Time saps
 Their base, and rude barbaric hands assail
 The superstructure. When, upon a day,

* The temple of Theseus: it was erected in honour of this hero by Cleisthenes, the son of Miltiades.

Not distant, some lone pilgrim shall demand
 Where Athens stood? perchance he may be told
 To go and seek it on another spot;—
 The startled hunter says, it is not here!

O tale of wonder! tale in after ages,
 Of hard belief—incredible in this!
 That Europe's sons, who owe to Greece the lights
 Of science and of song, the boon of arts
 And every nobler gift, should passive view
 Her shores polluted by a barbarous foe!
 That they, whose banner is the Cross, should still
 Reckless behold it trampled in the dust,
 While, swell'd to torrents, streams the precious blood
 From Grecian veins, a deeper stain to dye
 Than e'er empurpled yet the hallowed soil.
 O England, dear to liberty! at once
 The stay, support, defender of the oppress'd;
 Canst thou not hear when heavenly pity pleads
 In such a cause? ah! from what height, how fallen!
 And thou, whose virgin vows for freedom breathed
 My darling Country! to whose outstretch'd arms
 The wretched flee for safety and repose;
 Must thou too, all resistless as thou art,
 Withhold thy timely succour in an hour.

That or restores to Greece her noblest birthright,
Or else indissolubly binds her chains!
It cannot—shall not be! Greece shall survive—
But hark! e'en now, methinks, I hear the shout
Of despot power, and now the deep'ning groans
Of an expiring land! Indignant Heaven!
The Moslem triumphs, while the sons of sires
Illustrious, drink death at savage hands.
Spirit of ancient Greece! that sitt'st enthron'd
Upon thy everlasting hills, descend!
Stoop from on high—swell loud the heroic trump!
From impious foes quick snatch the bleeding band,
Burst their rude bonds, and crush, remorseless crush,
The stern oppressors of a glorious race.

gabgenthutte, 1000 m. — 1000 m. — 1000 m.

— 1000 m. — 1000 m. — 1000 m.

SCIO:

ETC.

S C I O .

*A dream! thou say'st; 'tis not such stuff as dreams
Are made of.*

Oh, what a dream of horrors has been mine!^a
Lost in a pleasing reverie at first,
Methought that on the instant I was borne
Upon the viewless winds, far to the east,
To where the sun from cloudless sky peers forth,
And from Ionian hills darts his slant beams
O'er all the *Ægæan*. There arriv'd as quick,
Methought, I glad alighted on an Isle
Lav'd by the violet waves, that seem'd to my
Astonish'd gaze a place of pure delights,
A paradise below! Throughout the wide
Extent, gay villages, and glittering towns,
And cottages, appear'd; and over all
The land the happy people careless rov'd,
Or, deep conceal'd within their rosy bowers,
They sung the joys of love—or, lull'd anon

By the soft murmurings of the bee, in dreams
 Repeated all their joys. Buoyant as air, and bright
 And gay as unconcern'd, the livelier youthling
 Were seen to skim the plain, or, 'neath the shade,
 With the bright nymphs of rapture beaming eye, /
 They in the dance were link'd. The empurpled hills
 Were festoon'd with the vine ; the vallies wav'd //
 With golden grain ; the olive and the fig //
 Seem'd with their luscious fruits surcharg'd ; and
 Through air the citron, and, of deeper tinge, and but
 The fragrant orange, all their sweets effus'd. /
 Such was that blissful scene ! But as I stood //
 Upon the sun-bright hill, breathing delight, /
 And gazing on the lovely world beneath, /
 Lo ! in the east a blacken'd cloud appear'd, /
 Sweeping the horizon round, and, up to heaven, /
 Ascending quick, o'ershadow'd all the earth. /
 The orb of day, I thought, was struck from heaven ; /
 His golden beams all quench'd ! for midnight reign'd
 Black as was Erebus ; and Silence' self
 Stood fix'd in breathless expectation. Me
 A chilling awe, the harbinger of death,
 Methought had seiz'd, and down I powerless sunk.
 But, as I lay supine upon the ground,

Immediate all the vaulted sky was fir'd,
And horrid shrieks, and groans, and piteous cries,
With yells of triumph intermix'd, my ear
Assail'd. Upon my feet, startled, I sprang,
As if by sudden strength endued, and cast
My wildering eye around. O, God of man!
What did I there behold? From every town,
Whence the glad hum of busy multitudes
Had now arose—from every smiling cot,
And hamlet gay, the angry flames and smoke,
In volutes dun; portentous stream'd thro' heav'n;
While by the ominous light, scouring the land,
I saw, spread far and wide, a russet horde,
And in their hideous train the monster crew—
Slaughter, and Lust, and Crime. As when a flock
At sight of some grim tenant of the wild,
Flies devious o'er the plain, nor stops to look;
Behind—so from their impious fact, I thought,
Fled swift the hapless race. But safety none;
Nor refuge, could they find. Even valour then
Was powerless, taken by surprise; nor, press'd
By numbers, fought, hopeless of victory.
At first, with mad revenge, the harden'd foe
Slew all—youth, childhood, age, the softer sex,

All fell their prey. But when they spake, 'twas
worse : — Men were their victims; and the blooming youth,
Aspiring to be men! Lo! weltering in their gore.
Their gore they lie, while o'er their breathless clay
The dastards revel. Ah! how blest your fate!
Ye slaughter'd fathers, sons! I pitying thoughts,
Ye hear no more the wild laments, the shrieks,
Which rend the air; ye view no more your wives,
Your mothers, bending frantic o'er the slain;
Or, wing'd with fear, fly desperate to the beach,
And of the winds and waves ask succour, while,
Deaf to their cries, the winds and waves repel
The trembling fugitives. Your daughters too!—
Oh! sight of horrour! No—ye see not them?
Fast in your murderers' arms—their stifled cries?
Ye list not, though the rifted rocks recoil
Affrighted, and the heavens more darkly frown?
But, sick at heart, and struck aghast at sight
Of such polluted scenes, where, in the forms
Of men, the fiends of hell seem'd all let loose
To prey upon mankind, methought I turn'd
Away, and glad had clos'd my eyes in death,
When, as by some enchanter's touch, the scene

Again was chang'd. A lund sky was all
 That I perceiv'd above, while the wide earth
 Was one extended waste, where Solitude
 Her sceptre, joyless sway'd. The vine-clad hills,
 The golden plains, and trees surcharg'd with fruit,
 Had vanish'd all; mute was the voice of love,
 And dead to joy the land. Mournful I gaz'd,
 And still stood fix'd to gaze, when from the shores
 Remote a numerous fleet I saw depart,
 And on the treacherous decks a frantic crowd,
 The wives, the daughters, of this happy Isle,
 Now slaves of Cruxy and Lust! at this
 Abhorred view I felt my bosom swell
 To bursting, and with double rage I burst forth
 To slay the tyrants. But on the instant check'd
 I with surprise ineffable beheld
 Alighting from a dazzling cloud, upon
 The hill where then I stood, a goddess form'd
 Bright with immortal charms she stood; and, eas'd
 In heavenly panoply, her glittering spear
 She wiv'd. I saw, and, humbled to the dust,
 Methought I prostrate fell; when, with a voice
 Of more than earthly dignity, these words,
 Gracious, she thus vouchsaf'd: "Mortal! in me

"Behold the majesty of Greece! I long
 "Have view'd her sons indignant groan beneath
 "The oppressor's rod. The slaves of slaves, they felt
 "Their iron bonds corrode the soul. They breath'd
 "Revenge! Revenge! they loud exclaim—and hills
 "And vales repeat with one acclaim, revenge!
 "The time has come when the barbaric host
 "Shall yield to freemen—when, inspir'd by me,
 "Greece from her shores the impious foe again
 "Shall drive; or once more with their blood shall
 drench
 "Plataea's plain, and Marathon's proud field!
 "Arise then, son of earth! nor let thy soul
 "Despair: the gods—yea, the great God of heaven
 "And earth, in such a cause, will lend his aid.
 "Greece yet shall live—shall triumph o'er her foes!"
 This said, immediate in a golden cloud
 The heavenly vision was again involv'd,
 And snatch'd from view. For me, lost and perplex'd,
 Now cheer'd, now plung'd in grief, stung by despair
 Or fir'd by hate, aloud I maddening call'd
 (Or thought I call'd) on heaven! on earth! for aid;
 And, with the effort made, at once awoke.

THE
DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN'S INVOCATION
TO THEE, O HEALTH.

DAUGHTER of Heaven! to thee, from whose bright eyes
The purest beam of joy ineffable,
As from the sun his vivifying ray,
Divinely emanates; to thee I wake
The lyre, and to my adventurous strain thy aid
Invoke. Fair queen of smiles, queen of delights;
Which none but those who worship thee can feel,
And feeling pain—Hygeia, hail! Thy brows
The immortal amaranth, intermingled gay
With roses, dipt in blushing clouds of morn,
Irradiates. Round thy bright form divine
A purple-tinctured robe fantastic waves,
The sport of zephyrs, bearing on their wings,
Unnumber'd perfumes: while, with lavish hands
Strewing thy steps with flowers, and to the sound
Of sweetest music dancing, thy blest train, fit them,
The Hours, weave their light measures. O! with
With thee, bright goddess, let me ever taste

Supernal joy. Whether with thee, to scale
 The mountain heights abrupt, when from the East
 The young-eyed Day first shoots his level beams
 Along their tops, panting I climb—or seek,
 With thee, the shadowy groves at sultry noon,
 Or else, at dewy eve, eager with thee
 I hie me where extends the grassy vale
 Its sinuous length—to me 'tis equal bliss.

Where'er thou beckonest, pleas'd, I follow swift,
 Sure that no dangers lurk within thy paths,
 Where gladness ever reigns. There no gaunt forms,
 The abhorrent brood of Sickness and Despair,
 Appal the view; nor finds the monster Death
 His victims there.. Oh ! no : on beds of down,
 In Luxury's soft lap, at the gay feast,
 Amid the revel and the song, he seeks
 (Invisible himself) whom he may pierce :
 Insidious flies his shaft, and wounds who least
 Suspect the blow ; or, with pestiferous breath,
 He taints the fount of life. Ah ! little knows
 The wretch, who feels the arrow sent to kill,
 He whom pale sickness, with benumbing touch,
 Has stretch'd upon his couch the livelong day,
 And sadder night, the joys that flow from health.

The glorious morn, dispensing light from heav'n,
 No rapture brings to him—the mountain breeze
 Nor tingles in his veins, nor with delight
 Forever new his breast dilates—no flowers,
 Nurtured in genial soil, expand and bloom
 To cheer his languid view, or to exhale
 For him their sweets. Nature herself, indeed,
 To the unhappy man seems sick at heart;
 Does he but hear the rustling breeze, he starts
 As if he felt the death-wind passing by
 To sweep him to the tomb; if but a ray
 Of the all-cheering sun—cheering to all
 But him—salute his eyes, how does he shrink
 From the blest beam, as if along with it
 Contagion dire and pestilence were borne.

Alas, for thee, beloved FRISBIE ! Was
 That effluence divine, that fervid ray,
 Fatal to thee? Didst thou too learn to sigh
 Upon the bed of sickness? Didst thou feel
 That faintness of the soul oppressing life,
 When hope is long deferr'd? Too true, thou didst:
 And thou couldst tell how many a pang it cost
 To part forever from a world so lov'd.
 Yet at the last, O envied fate! thou heardst

A voice, a still small voice, that whispered peace
 To thee ; and, as the fatal hour drew nigh
 Which sever'd thee from us, a seraph-form,
 Descending from the skies, shewed thee the gates
 Of everlasting bliss, and, wiping quick
 Thy tears away, bade thee to enter in.

Ah ! who may hope that his career shall end
 So tranquilly as thine ; who hope like thee
 To find upon the pillow of Disease
 A solace for the pangs which rend at once
 The wasted flesh, and lacerate the heart !

O then with healing in thy wings be near,
 Be to thy votary always near, and let
 My grateful vows to thee be ever paid,
 Hygeia ! What is the laurell'd wreath to him
 Who basks not in thy smile ? what guerdon fair
 Can fame bestow to compensate its loss ?
 If thou withdraw'st thy heavenly aid, thy smile
 Beneficent, instant the warrior's arm
 Sinks nerveless by his side, and from his brows
 Unheeded falls the crown of victory.
 The sage, who nightly pours upon the page
 Of wisdom his dim eye, forgetting thee,
 As studious he sits by the pale lamp,

Anon, with look of vacancy beholds
 His laurels blasted, but without a sigh.
 The poet too, whom thou hadst taught to soar
 Upon the morning's wings, far higher than
 His fabled Pegasus—high as the stars
 Of heaven, with lyre unstrung, and moist with dew
 (Not Castalie's sweet dew !) drooping descends,
 If thou desert him in his flight. But O !
 Mark the fond lover as he joyous weaves
 The myrtle and the rosy wreath, and binds
 With them unbroken faith and constancy :
 Sudden, bereft of thee, vanish his smiles,
 A chilling frost steals o'er his frame, he drops
 The flow'ry braid now tarnished with his tears,
 And yields resistless to his mournful fate.

Mysterious sympathy ! Strange that the soul,
 That spark ethereal, unquenchable,
 Never to die, should with this baser mold
 Be affianc'd ! Stranger still, that, being so,
 It should be e'er elated or depress'd
 By what its humble, low associate
 Or suffers, or enjoys. Nor only so :
 To all the " skyey influences," alike,
 'Tis subject too. The vernal sun—the bow

Glittering 'mid April showers—the wide blue vault
Of heaven, and balmy gale—as seen, or felt,
Exert propitious o'er them both a bland
And secret sway ; while the cold damps of night—
The air imprison'd long—the lurid storm,
And vollied lightning dread, unhinge the springs
Of life, and all the trembling soul appal.
Ah ! who shall solve the problem dark of man !
To the gay child of Fancy I no more
Address my prayers : But O ! do *Thou* that sitt'st
Above all thrones, whose dwelling is the fount
Of truth and joy, do thou conduct me where
I fain would go. Amid the mazy paths
Of error I am lost : amid this vale,
This dark sublunar vale, I seek in vain
That healing power, which can at once restore
The languid body, and a balm infuse
Into the deep recesses of the soul.

THE
OCEAN - TRAVELLERS.

With what a giddy and vivacious joy
The sons of ocean hasten to the strand,
And eager mount the stately bark, to hie
They know not where, yet feverish to depart.
Alas ! what toils, what dangers, and what cares,
The restless fugitives attend. Some far
'Mid polar seas adventurous urge the prow
To where Leviathan disports, anon
To yield upon the purple tide his life
And bulk immense to man, if (fate severe !)
The hapless bark, 'twixt icy mountains wedg'd,
Be crush'd not. Some to Europe's peopled shores,
Far up the Baltic, or the midland sea,
Where beauteous Greece, with liberty, expires,
Advance ; or skirt the shores of Erin, or,
Bright Albion ! rush into thy busy ports,
Fill'd with the navies of the subject world.
Some to the South sail devious. 'Mid the Isles

That blossom with the cane, and stretch around
 And fill the bosom of the Mexic gulph,
 Thousands are lur'd ; but in the scented gales
 They sicken and expire. Others, more bold,
 Beyond the mighty Capes adventure, toss'd
 By storms, or driven by the blast ; and thence
 Diverging, meet no more—or only meet
 At the antipodes : these the bright sun
 Salutes, as o'er the eastern seas they bound,
 Or coast the shores of Afric, or of Ind ;
 While those the smooth Pacific skim, or 'mid
 The ocean-isles, where the brown nymphs their
 charms
 Guileless reveal, their mazy track pursue.
 But endless were the task to follow round
 The watery world the hardy race, who claim
 No less the muse's pity than her song.
 Where'er they go, danger still follows swift,
 Disease o'ertakes, or purple plague destroys.
 Ye sullen wayes, that murmur round the shores
 Of Java's isle malignant, say !...for ye
 Can tell—what numbers there repose beneath
 The turbid tide. There manhood in his prime,
 And youth elate with hope, all sink alike.

Invisible the infectious Spirit walks
 The wave, and, 'mid the affrighted souls whom love
 Of gold or wild adventure thither sends,
 Darts pestilence and death ! Nor did he spare
 My dear *Arion* ! from his tender cheek
 The rose immediate wither'd, as the fiend
 Too rudely breath'd, and down he sunk, unheard,
 Unwept ! Ye zephyrs bland ! ye balmy gales !
 Could ye not lift his head ? Ye Naiads too,
 Enamour'd as ye were ! could ye not save
 The beauteous boy ? For him, for you, I weep !
 But why these *partial* tears ? Condemn'd to drink
 The briny wave, what thousands die, and leave
 No brother to relate their piteous tale !
 Now, by the tempest dash'd, the fragile bark
 Is strewn upon the mountain waves, and all
 Are lost ! Now, in the smooth but treacherous calm,
 Amid a boundless solitude of sea,
 Sudden the vessel sinks, and as the waves
 Collapse, one piercing shriek ascends to heaven !
 And strait through all the amplitude of sky
 A dread repose ensues. Yet happy such,
 Thrice happy, when to those compar'd whose fate
 Ordains to linger out their lives (their hopes,

Their fortunes shipwreck'd !) while to a rude plank
 Alone, or thing as frail, a little skiff,
 Tenacious they adhere ; and view aghast,
 Where'er they turn, the phantom of despair
 Still brooding o'er the waves. Alas for thee,
 (Too rightly nam'd) *Medusa*!* who shall tell
 What horrors once were thine ? who dare behold ?
 If the bold hand of fancy could depict
 The dreadful scene. Not Gallia's sons, her gay
 Mercurial sons, that laugh at pain, and in
 The battle's heat brave death in thousand forms,
 Could undismay'd then meet the tyrant's frowns.
 As when on some unwary head alights
 The thunderbolt, so terrible the shock
 To them ! In noon of midnight too it came,
 When, lost in feverish sleep, or dreams of love,
 The careless crew repos'd. Wild with affright,
 They start, they spring upon the deck ! some wield
 The dexterous axe, and some the cordage cut—
 Sudden the masts fall thundering down—the decks
 Are clear'd—boats launch'd—and all prepare, should
 dire
 Necessity impel, to spurn the wreck.

* The name of a French frigate which was shipwrecked in the African seas.

Then comes a mighty surge, and in the deep
Whelms half the abject host ! and, rent in twain,
The shatter'd bark with twice a hundred souls,
Scarce floats upon the wave, lash'd to and fro
As suits the unpitying winds. There all night long,
And many a day—dark as the blackest night,
With horours fill'd—to fragments of the wreck,
Grappling with death, they cling ! But all in vain.
Some desperate plunge beneath the tide, and now
No more are seen ! Some frantic stand and call
On Heaven for aid, that Heaven had ne'er invok'd
Before ! Some, stung by hunger and despair,
With madness rave, and slay their fellows ! Those,
With horrid rage, their famish'd appetites
Allay by feasting on the dead—and these
With atrophy expire ! A wretched few
Alone escape ; the rest, forever hid
In ocean's coral caves, lie weltering deep !

MUTUAL LOVE.

*"O fair encounter
Of two most rare affections!"*

There is a moment in the life of man
Most happy even to my sombre view----
It is the moment of revealed love !
Nay, scoff not ye profane ; 'tis not for you
The muse inglorious sings : no, nor for you
Who sordid find a substitute for love
In drossy ore. Wouldst know what time I deem
Thus fortunate ? 'Tis when the gentle nymph,
With blushes sweet, avows to him she loves
The passion of her heart--in modish phrase,
Consents to be beloved ! O Heaven and Earth !
How are ye both in happy unison
Combin'd, to bless the lover then, and shed
Your sweetest, purest influence on him,
On every thing around. No phrensy wild,
No tumult of the thoughts, disturb the breast
In that propitious hour ; but all is calm

And bright as summer seas, reflecting mild
The lustre of the morn. Joy sits serene
Upon the youthful brow, and plumes secure
His golden wings ; while tenderness dissolves
The soul. The lover's eye, whene'er it meets
The timid fair's, or bashful shrinks—or, fix'd
An instant there, where shine love's lambent orbs,
Drinks in the soft effulgence. When she speaks,
He thinks it is a seraph's voice he hears,
And lists the while delighted, and could still
Forever listen to the strain. But if,
Perchance, his lips should press her yielding hand,
What sudden joy immediate thrills the frame,
And fills the bosom of the favour'd youth !
The soul, in the soft hour thus rapturous spent
In blessing and in being blest, finds joy
It never knew till then, nor craves for more.
Yet if a thought should wander, still the heart
O'erflows with love ; for, seated by the nymph
Ador'd, the youth impassion'd feels his breast
Dilate ; and with the love he breathes for her,
Is mingled warm a prayer for all that live.
Meantime the heavens serener smile, and seem
To Fancy's view—seem to the blissful pair,

Replete with joyous beings like themselves :
And over all the earth—upon the hills
And mountain tops, and in the blooming vales
The notes of gladness ring, and wide proclaim
The soften'd triumph of the infant god.
Tell me, ye virtuous few, ye who in youth's
Ecstatic hour have felt, and ye who now
In bloom of adolescence feel, the bliss
Of being lov'd—tell me if such is not
The image of a pure and hallowed love.

THE
W E D D E D P A I R.

*“Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv’st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander’s margent green,—
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
Most like to these?”*

THE rosy hours of childhood are most sweet—
And sweet the purple morn of youth—sweet too
The happy moment of revealed love.
But O! how sweeter far the joys of him
Who clasps, transported, to his breast the nymph
Whose only vows were breath’d for him—for whom
‘Tis bliss to live—for whom ’twere bliss to die!
For ask the lover now with nuptial crown
Adorn’d, and link’d by Hymen’s silken chain
To her whose virgin beauty fir’d his heart,
And whose serener graces of the mind
Had touch’d his soul, if happiness to one
Poor fleeting moment, or perchance, to years,
Of undissembled, prosperous love ’s confined?
Exulting he will answer, no! nor would

He now exchange one hour of wedded life,
For all the gladsome moments of the past.
True, fancy sometimes may, to cheat the heart,
Depict on golden web the semblance bright
Of vanish'd joys ; and fond remembrance cling
To the idea soft : but now he feels
“ The sober certainty of waking bliss,”
The happier youth looks back without regret,
And forward with a smile. Twin'd with the bands
Of virtuous love, the present he enjoys,
Nor dreams of distant ills, if haply she,
The charmer of his soul, be near. Behold !
Ye who in pleasure's flowery paths have stray'd
Erratic, seeking joy, but finding none,
Behold the *wedded* Pair ! How graceful do
They skim the verdant plain like two young fawns
Exuberant with life, thoughtless of harm,
And happy in themselves. O, who would wound
Their guileless hearts, or envious mar the peace
Of innocence like theirs ! Anon they pause,
And up to heaven, as witness of their bliss,
They look ! and then, reflected here below,
In their own visages reflected, see
Its brightness and its calm. They look around !

And earth, in all its loveliness array'd,
Seems form'd for them alone. They look to God!
And, with approving smiles, the God of heaven
And earth unites their hearts, and gracious breathes
Unsullied peace within. Ah, happy they,
(If ought of happiness is found on earth,)
Who nor in thought nor action stand accus'd—
Who thus in pleasures pure consume the day,
In mutual love, their lives! So in the midst
Of Eden's blooming bowers, together stood,
Together graceful rov'd, the matchless Pair!
Crown'd with immortal youth—pure, innocent,
And beautiful as heaven! they rather seem'd
Like beings just alighted from the skies,
Than denizens of earth. Joy sparkled in
Their eyes, and in their hearts love reign'd supreme.
Ye paragons of earth! why were ye lost?
How from your bowers of bliss was bliss exil'd?

F L O R E L L O .

“That Angel Boy!”

O, CHILDHOOD ! age of bliss ! forever gone,
Yet still remember'd with impassion'd love,
How beautiful art thou ! How often have
I gazed upon the clear blue fields of heav'n,
And thought I should be happy there—as oft
Upon thy face, sweet childhood, have I gaz'd,
And thought of heav'n the while ! And who but feels
And must forever feel a sympathy
For thee, while innocence has power to win
The heart, or tenderness a refuge, finds
Within the human breast. What thousand charms
Lov'd age, are thine, till reason disenchants
The scene, and all thy fairy land, dissolv'd,
Evaporates like a wild fantastic dream !
Such was the airy world in which thou liv'dst,
FLORELLO ! and so evanescent too.
Thy little world and thee evanish'd both
At once, struck by a rude, unwelcome guest,

Than Reason colder. Whom ! thy *epitaph*
Will tell. *Here* have I often sat me down—
Here, while the dews of heav'n fell thick upon
Thy grave, and thought of what thou wast, and what,
Perchance, thou would'st have been ! sad, pleasing
thoughts !

But all beyond man's feeble ken is dark.
Had God prolong'd thy date, the same kind power
Might have endued thee with superior mind.
A Chatham's eloquence, perhaps, had fall'n
Persuasive from thy tongue, or Milton's muse
Been rivall'd in thine own ! or, mournful thought,
Like Beattie's sons, by genius crown'd, and deep.
Imbued with classic lore, in bloom of youth
Thou might'st have sunk to rest. Ah! who shall tell
What *else* thou might'st have been. But little boots
Such inquisition. What thou *wast* I know,
And *feel*, Florello ! Oh ! how have I gazed
Upon that lovely face as it was deck'd
With smiles, and caught felicity from it :
And then anon, while watching thee, intent
To read thy mind, how would my fond heart ache !
Why was it so ? Could such ingratitude
Pervade my breast ? It is for you—you who

Possess Florellos, to reply. And once
Again, upon a time Despair had mark'd
Me for his prey, and unresisting seiz'd,
I rivetted my eyes upon that face :
'Twas beautiful ! But not a smile was seen
To play around those lips ; though seeming as
In act to speak, half op'd, their vermil tint
Had fled : I thought to catch a breathing word,
And bent me close to hear—but all was still !
All save the throbings of my bleeding heart.

D A P H N E.

“ Elle étoit de ce monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vive les roses,
L’ espace d’ un matin.” *Malherbe.*

THE winds are hush'd; but the chill air of night
Pervades my shivering frame. The crisped leaves
Which late in verdant pride wav'd to the breeze
In undulations soft, and by the blast
But now where whirled from the neighboring wood,
Have cumber'd all my solitary paths.
Softly I tread the mazy labyrinth, lest
The rustling noise should interrupt the deep
And fearful stillness here. 'Tis thus amid
The forest wilds, when Autumn crowns, as now,
The plenteous year, and the gay antler'd herds
Look sleek, the unwearied hunter threads his way,
And, with a step cautious as Guilt, pursues
The timid chase. But what shall I alarm
In these deserted haunts, where none of choice

Repair, save those whom wretchedness has taught
After long toil to seek for refuge *here*.
The mole has burrow'd deep, and heeds me not ;
The bat has ta'en his headlong flight in search
Of gentler skies, or nestles in some lone
And cover'd nook ; while at my feet sleep those
Whom not the crash of worlds shall wake again !
Ha ! is it so ? and wilt not thou awake
My dear, lamented DAPHNE ? Shall that form,
That form so heavenly fair, ne'er bloom again ?
Thy dust, alas ! is not commingled here
With kindred dust ; but doth it aught avail ?
Lo ! where repose the long forgotten race,
The lengthen'd line of thy progenitors :
Whilst thou, far amid southern climes, beneath
The tam'rind and the orange tree, art laid,
Fit resting place for thee ! No winter there
Shivers the glories of the circling year,
Nor tarnishes the lustre of the groves :
Thy fav'rite myrtle there can never die ;
There every gale wafts perfumes o'er thy grave !
Ah why, such scenes among, should man alone
Then fade ? Nature with lavish hand adorns
The wild, and bids the flowers perpetual bloom ;

But there to man a longer date denies,
Nay, warns him thence before his 'custom'd time.
And such, my Daphne, was thy cruel doom !
And worse---For thou wast fated twice to die---
And twice in the full vernal bloom of youth---
The cup at *parting* bitterer than Death's !
How wast thou torn, all lovely as thou wert,
And beauteous too as Maia's self when flush'd
By gemial beams of the young sun, from arms
Unwilling to be loos'd from thine ! How flow'd
Thy tears, when the fond ties which bound thee here
Were sundered ! How did thy young heart throb
When to my own for the last time 'twas press'd !
But years since that sad parting have flown by ;
And years have flown since thou wast rapt to heaven !
Yet how can I forget, or thou forgive ?
True thou didst oft invite me to thy home,
Didst beckon me amid thy fragrant groves,
To feed me on thy golden fruits, and breathe
Thy incens'd air ; but, such my wayward mood,
I spurn'd the call (though sweeter not than thine
An angel's voice) or thought, as worldlings do,
Another time to come. Thus wisdom's fool'd ;
And thus was I infatuated too.

My Daphne ! art thou then forever fled ?
O, once again appear as thou wast wont ;
Even in my dreams I see thee smile ; and waking,
Oft pay thee with my late repentant tears.
Tears are thy due—ah ! doubly due from one
On whom thy infant eyes shed beams of love—
Whom thou remember'dst to thy latest breath !

E U G E N I O .

EUGENIO ! say, canst thou remember when
These arms encircled thy dear infant form ?
Canst thou recal the time when on my knees
Thou lov'dst to slumber ? where, press'd to my heart,
Thou wert secure from dangers and alarm ;
And where I've oft survey'd thy angel face,
And breath'd a prayer for thee ? Perchance thou
canst not.

But thou canst tell how many a frolic hour
Together we have pass'd in after days.
In that soft age, when reason first begins
To dawn, and the young heart beats quick, and joy
Sparkles and overflows, how often have
Thy little feet pursued me, while with coy
And quicken'd step I still contriv'd to elude
Thy tender grasp. O yes ; and thou mayest well
Remember too a thousand little arts
Of thine to cheat the rosy-footed Hours,
Who, smiling, would not even be detain'd
By thee. Nor wilt thou soon forget, my lov'd one,
How oft I've kiss'd away thy tears, when some

Mischance had caus'd them from their little founts
 To gush, and course adown thy blooming cheeks.
 And then, what joys were those of riper time !
 In thy lov'd boyhood, when to my fond eye
 Thou seem'dst a young and feather'd Mercury,
 How often have we scal'd the lofty hills,
 To gaze upon the world below ! how oft
 Together have we trac'd the sinuous stream,
 And cull'd the flowers which deck'd its banks, or
 troll'd,
 With cautious hand, the slender line, to win
 From their lov'd element the playful minnow,
 Gay perch, or trout superb thick spangled o'er
 With gold and purple. Oft hast thou thyself
 Dwelt with delight upon thy 'hair breadth 'scapes,'
 Thy prowess, and thy feats of wondrous skill,
 Which mark'd in strong-drawn lines thy boyhood's
 prime.
 Ah ! why wilt thou not listen now—say why
 Dost thou not smile to hear the tale which pleas'd
 Thee once, nay, pleas'd a thousand, thousand times,
 My dear Eugenio ! Even in later age,
 Amid thy manlier sports, the sports of youth,
 I've heard thee oft recur to the soft joys,

That fill'd thy nectar'd cup of life, nor left
Unsatisfied a wish. But thy young days,
Alas for me, for *thee*, fond boy, are now
Forever fled ! and, Oh ! how shall I tell
The grievous truth—how with a bursting heart
Shall I a fatal secret dare divulge ?—
Thy lovelier *youth*, like the soft thistle's down,
Which the rude wind unpitying sweeps along,
Is fleeting too away ! No more I trace
Thy darling feet—no more that eye of thine,
Reflecting soft yon heavenly azure field,
Bespeaks thy inward joy—no more thy cheek
(As Hebe's soft) vies with the opening rose,
But ever and anon a burning blush
Mournful reveals the foe that riots there ;
And as I mark the spoiler at his work,
With streaming tears I raise my eyes to Heaven,
And fervent pray his victim yet may 'scape.
Oh, youth belov'd ! oh, dearer to my soul
Than all man deems most precious in the world,
How shall I part from thee ! say where, ah, where,
When thou art gone, shall I e'er find a face
Glowing like thine with radiant truth ? where find
A heart so pure ? a mind so bright, so rich,

So early rich in wisdom's lore ? Alas !
Must thou be thus cut down—thus, like a flow'r
Rude sever'd from its stalk, be strewn upon
The arid plain, and left to wither there ?
See, pitying Heaven—thy own fair work behold,
Awhile 'mid scenes terrestrial let it bloom,
To glad the eye, and shew how within forms
Of clay a heavenly spirit is conceal'd.
But no, it cannot, must not be—thy fate,
Beloved youth, is seal'd ! Around thee mists
And clouds fast gather ; and Death's angel dark
Is hovering near to bear thee to his drear
Domain. And must thou go alone ? shall I
Be left to dew with tears thy mournful hearse—
To strew thy grave with flowers—and twine for thee
The wreath funereal, the sad cypress wreath !
Ah ! rather let me go with thee—with thee
Seek the cold realms of death, and bury all
My sorrows there. But there thou wilt not stay !
Then take, oh take me with thee to a world
Where sorrow is not known ; where love and joy
Perpetual reign : and where a smiling band,
Lov'd, *lost* Eugenio, thy coming wait,
To crown thee with their amaranthine flowers.

A L P H O N S O .

*"He must not sink,
Without the need of some melodious tear."*

THE howling wind, startling the dull cold ear
Of midnight, mournful vibrates in my own,
And with appalling fears unmans the soul.
O Death! why, in an hour so rude, dost thou
Obtrude thy spectral form, and fill the mind
With dark imaginings? Is't not enough
That we incontinent obey thy call,
And cower beneath thy frown, but thou must mock
Us still with shadows, hideous as thyself?
Alas, how wondrous is our fate! Though heirs
Of life—immortal life! we fade, and die,
And mingle with the dust. What horrour in
The thought! ev'n with the hope, which secret lurking
Within the breast, that Heaven will ope its gates
To us, what doubts and fears the soul oppress!
And, oh, how soon are we forgot! forgot
Ere the bright furze can blossom o'er our graves!

And then, to leave this goodly scene—to be
Debarr'd the sight of the blest heavens—to feel
No more the balmy zephyr—and amid
The west to view the sinking sun, in floods
Of gold depart, never to rise again !
Oh, my sad soul ! how wilt thou meet that hour ?—
But is this world so dear ? I fain would know—
And is it too so hard for us to die ?
Shade of my lov'd ALPHONSO ! speak, ah, speak !
For earth had charms for thee, if it have charms
For any. Yes, blest as thou wast—at once
By virtue, fortune, friends ! It well had wean'd
Thee from the skies. Yet thou could'st willing leave
Them all—nay, dearer than all these—the lov'd
Companion of thy youth, and blooming boy,
Could'st leave to wrap thee in thy dusky shroud !
Nor didst thou go with faltering step, and heart
Wild throbbing with alarms. Thy manly soul,
As erst on the rude ocean-wave, when earth
And skies tumultuous warr'd, could meet the king
Of terrors undismay'd, though worlds should quake
And crumble into dust ! Full long he stood
Waving his shadowy sceptre o'er thy couch,
As if in doubt to strike : but as thou smil'dst

(For in thy agonies a smile was seen !)
He aim'd malignant the unerring shaft !
Swift as that shaft, thy lofty head to earth
Was bow'd. And now upon the breezy hill
'Thou sleep'st ! 'Twas there, in happier times, we oft
Had stood, and view'd the sylvan world below,
With its bright stream that glisten'd thro' the leaves,
(All then thine own !)—'twas there, in mournful mood,
Oppress'd with dark forebodings of thy doom,
Thou didst confess thy pleasure to repose :—
“ Here let me peaceful rest,” said'st thou, “ when
death
“ Upon a day, haply not far, shall call
“ Me hence : but be it soon or late, my friend,
“ Here let me rest ! no marble shall reveal
“ My name, or lineage : the sun alone,
“ As down he sinks beneath yon purple hills,
“ Shall gild my humble grave ? ” Prophetic dream.
Alas ! thou too hast sunk, Alphonso ! Yet,
Anon, like the bright Regent of the day,
Shalt lift thy head, and sparkle in the skies.

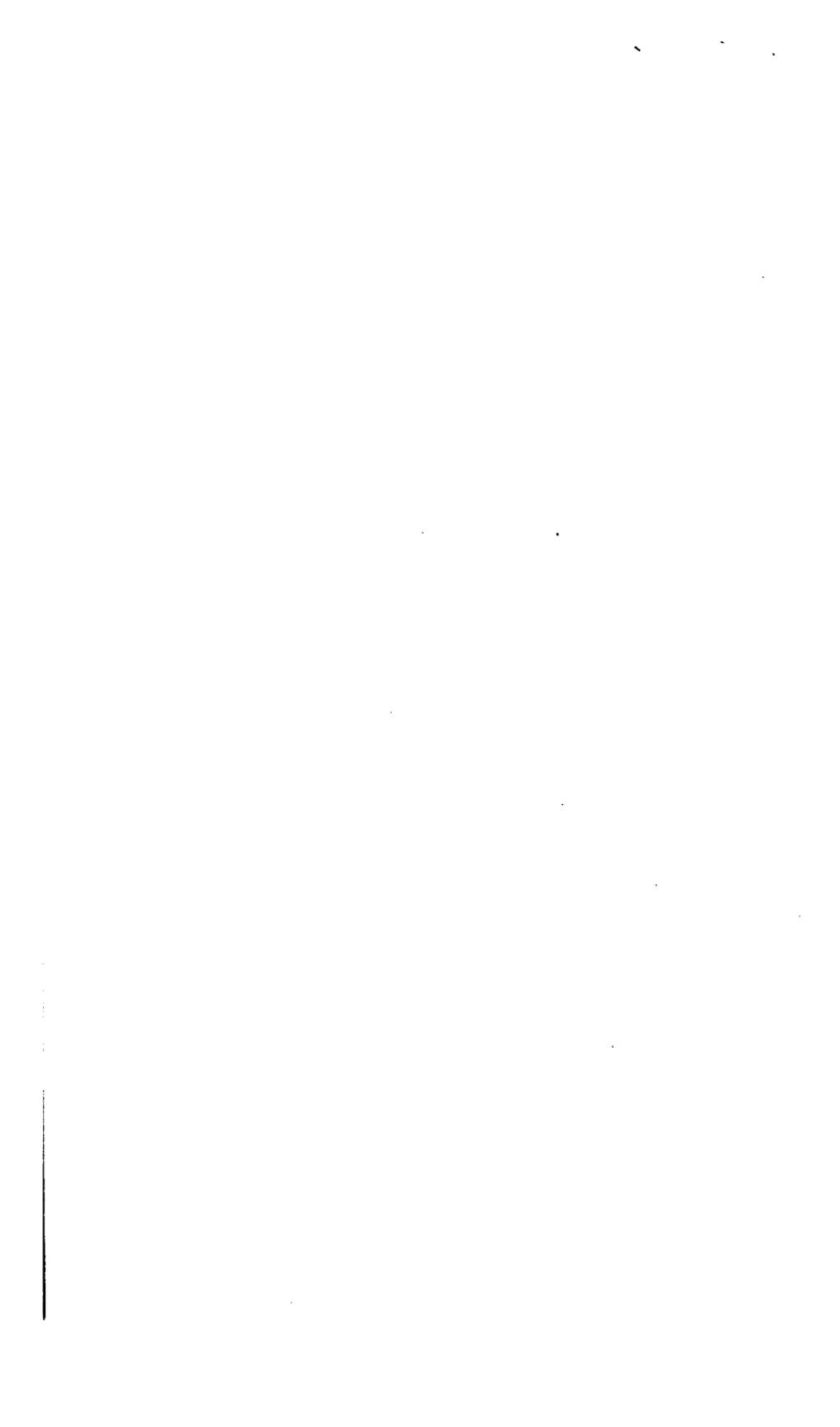
S P R I N G.

THE Autumn, to the poet's soul, is full
Of inspiration. All that we behold
Above, around—all, to the mournful muse,
In language eloquent, foretells the fate
Of man! But when admonish'd by the sight
Of nature in her state of decadence—
And when the roar of winds, which usher in
The maddening tempest, swells upon the ear—
The pensive mind with awe is struck, or starts
At thought of the extinction of man's hopes.
Not such the rosy Spring! The infant year
Is full of hope, and love, and joy. The air,
Pure and attenuated, seems like breath
Of heaven, where angels might disport, and live.
The various sky, now a clear azure vault,
And now with silvery clouds adorn'd, that yield
Warm drops prelusive of the genial show'r,
Is beautiful. The sun himself looks bright
In youthful charms, and renovated strength.

Swift from the bosom of the orient wave
 He rises, shaking his resplendent locks,
 And mounts the lofty sky—then ardent there
 Pursues the ethereal course—and then adown
 The west precipitate he speeds, and wraps
 Him in a golden cloud. But thou, O earth,
 With what transcendent beauty art thou deck'd !
 The wide extended plain—the mountain side—
 Each hill-top—every rocky height is clothed
 With pristine verdure, which the eye drinks in
 Insatiate ; while, aloft, of every hue,
 Though verd'rous still, the tow'ring oak, the pine
 Erect, the elm fantastic, maple bright
 And flexile willow—with ten thousand else
 All spangled o'er (a wilderness of sweets !)
 Wave to the kissing breeze, and seem to joy
 In the embrace. Then Flora art thou seen
 In all thy loveliness ! Thy crown a wreath
 Of shadowing roses, and thy sceptre meek,
 The lilly of the vale ; forth o'er the fields
 Alighting from a fragrant cloud, thou goest.
 All nature smiles at thy approach ; beneath
 Thy feet, in every bosky dell, amid
 The shade and in the eye of day, spring up

Unnumber'd flowers, reflecting in their tints
The hues of heaven; while every zephyr near
Bears on his wings their perfumes. Then the world
Is full of music. Myriads throng the air,
Light as the air itself, eluding sight,
Yet to the conscious ear that eager lists
The buzz of joy, not distant. Myriads too,
Warbling their wood-notes wild, within the groves
Rejoice, and to the tell-tale echo give
Their notes of love. While 'mid the vale, and o'er
The verdant downs, the low of gath'ring herds
And bleat of flocks innumEROus, all conspire
To swell the song of joy, resounding wide
Through the whole earth, and up to heaven itself!
But thou, O man! the lord of this new world,
How doth thy soul exult amid the scene!
Not lovelier once when rising from the waves,
Flush'd with primeval beauty, seem'd the nymph
Of heavenly birth, to thy delighted eye,
Than now the new-born earth, nor less intense
The raptures which thou feel'st. For love still reigns,
Still kindles round thy heart his golden fires,
And lifts thy soul to heaven. Bright effluence
From the pure source of goodness infinite,

O may it long pervade a happy world !
Long in the breast of favour'd man awake
A guiltless transport—long attune his voice
To noblest strains of gratitude and praise !



N O T E S .

*Lo ! here upon the sacred hill, where sleeps
The great Musæus, bard of old renown'd,
Lo here amid the City's bounds I stand.*

Note 1—Page 5.

The history, antiquities, and topography, of Athens, are too familiar to every one, to require any particular notice in this place. In order that the reader may have some definite idea of the relative positions of the objects as they are successively described in the poem, he must imagine himself placed for a moment upon the summit of the Musæum hill, the station from which the *Panorama* of that celebrated city was taken. Those who had the good fortune to see that splendid picture, will recollect that the objects in the foreground were chiefly of a rural and pastoral description. The declivities of the Museum hill (once included within the walls of Athens) were there represented, as they often are in fact, covered with flocks: in the midst of which shepherds were seen here and there reclining upon the turf, or groups of Greek females were observed to be engaged in dancing the *Romaika*, a favourite diversion, which is supposed to bear a near resemblance to a dance of the *Ancient Greeks*. The spectator, finding himself surrounded by these pleasing objects, is for a moment inclined to doubt whether he is not imposed upon; for he beholds no magnificent city like that which he had, perhaps, erected in his imagination, and which he had come to view. But he soon perceives the lofty rock of the Acropolis, with its ramparts and ruins; and towering above all these, he

beholds the magnificent vestiges of the Parthenon. He now no longer doubts; Athens, not as it was, but as it now is, appears before him. After gazing with a sort of feverish delight upon these striking monuments, his attention is next directed to the natural beauties of the place, and of the surrounding country. But as soon as the observer has taken a glance of the distant scenery, his eye is again attracted towards the favourite objects in the picture—the citadel and plain of Athens, and the architectural remains of ancient grandeur thinly dispersed over them. On these the eye reposes with a melancholy pleasure; and while the mind is led back to the contemplation of the ages of glory, a glow of indignation is felt at the miserable degradation of that seat of learning and of art. Such was the *Panorama*; such now is Athens; and such the emotions which the view of each would excite in the spectator. It will readily be perceived that my little performance is a mere *Panoramic sketch*—not a finished picture; which, indeed, I should in vain have attempted. Still less can I flatter myself that I have been able to identify my own feelings with those of the fortunate man who has actually traced the banks of the Ilissus, and its sister stream, or who has knelt within the sacred precincts of the Parthenon.

As the admirable picture which I have so faintly copied, seems to have passed into oblivion, I think it will not be uninteresting to a portion of the community to know how faithful a transcript it was considered to be of the actual scenery of Athens—how much enthusiasm it was expected to awaken—and to whose munificence we were indebted for the inestimable treasure. I therefore transcribe from an old number of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the following brief history of the

PANORAMA OF ATHENS.

“ It is with the greatest satisfaction that we have been

informed that this celebrated work of art is likely soon to reach our country. After having been the object of universal admiration in England, for the last year, it was lately purchased in London by Theodore Lyman, jun. Esq. and is expected by the first convenient opportunity. Besides the reputation which it enjoyed in London of being the best executed of the famous panoramas of Barker, its value as a perfect representation of the city and plain of Athens was attested by the numerous English travellers in Greece, who are well known to have pronounced in the most favourable manner upon it. It was painted by Messrs. Barker and Bursford, of London, after drawings taken from the most elevated part of the Museum Hill by Signor Pomardi, a Roman artist, whom Mr. Dodwell employed on his travels in Greece. The same drawings are now issuing, with Mr. Dodwell's Travels, from the London press. The point of view chosen was selected by Mr. Dodwell as being that from which all the interesting and celebrated objects in the vicinity of Athens may be seen. Besides Mr. Dodwell's drawings, the Panorama was enriched by communications from Mr. Cockerell, another celebrated English traveller in Greece, who also furnished the drawings from life for the human figures introduced into the painting. Among the various public and private testimonies to its merit and beauty, it was enthusiastically pronounced by our countryman Mr. West (the President of the Royal Academy) to be the finest representation which the pencil of man has produced. So valuable was it thought for its connexion with classical antiquity, that the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford in England both made efforts to acquire it. It is therefore with the highest satisfaction that we are enabled to inform the public, that it has been purchased by Mr. Lyman, and that it is intended by him as a present to the University of Cam-

bridge. We congratulate the public on this new and distinguished example of liberality to our University ; and rejoice that so excellent an appropriation is to be made of this celebrated and classical performance. It would certainly be impossible to select any other place so suitable as a distinguished literary institution, to receive this faithful transcript of the ruins and present state of the city which the world of letters must ever regard as the metropolis : and we are sure that we do but anticipate the public feeling, in announcing this act of liberality with the warmest terms of applause."

*Yet thine, Euripides !
Thine was the dearest boast.*

Note 2—Page 11.

" Amidst this dark and dreadful scene of cruelty and revenge, we must not omit to mention one singular example of humanity, which broke forth like a meteor in the gloom of a nocturnal tempest. The Syracusans, who could punish their helpless captives with such unrelenting severity, had often melted into tears at the affecting strains of Euripides ; an Athenian poet, who had learned in the Socratic school to adorn the lessons of philosophy with the charms of fancy, and who was regarded by the taste of his contemporaries, as he still is by many enlightened judges, as the most tender and pathetic, the most philosophical and instructive, of all tragic writers. The pleasure which the Syracusans had derived from his imitable poetry, made them long to hear it rehearsed by the flexible voices and harmonious pronunciation of the Athenians, so unlike, and so superior, to the rudeness and asperity of their own Doric dialect. They desired their captives to repeat the plaintive scenes of their favourite bard. The captives obeyed ; and, affecting to re-

present the woes of ancient kings and heroes, they too faithfully expressed their own. Their taste and sensibility endeared them to the Syracusans, who released their bonds, received them with kindness into their families, and, after treating them with all the honourable distinctions of ancient hospitality, restored them to their longing and afflicted country, as a small but precious wreck of the most formidable armament that had ever sailed from a Grecian harbour. At their return to Athens, the grateful captives walked in solemn procession to the house of Euripides, whom they hailed as their deliverer from slavery and death. This acknowledgment, infinitely more honourable than all the crowns and splendour that ever surrounded the person, and even than all the altars and temples that ever adorned the memory, of a poet, must have transported Euripides with the *second* triumph which the heart of man can feel. He would have enjoyed the *first*, if his countrymen had owed to his virtues the tribute which they paid to his talents; and if, instead of the beauty and elegance of his verses, they had been saved by his probity, his courage, or his patriotism; qualities which, still more than genius and fancy, constitute the real excellence and dignity of human nature."

Gillies' Hist. of Greece.

*O Solon! once by Lydia's thronelss king,
Cowering beneath the Persian despot's frown,
Pronounc'd wisest of men!—*

Note 3—Page 12.

"An immense pile of wood and other combustibles were erected in the most spacious part of the city. The miserable victims, bound hand and foot, were placed on the top of the pyre. Cyrus, surrounded by his generals, witnessed the dreadful spectacle, either from an abominable principle

of superstition, if he had bound himself by a vow to sacrifice Crœsus as the first fruits of the Lydian victory, or from a motive of curiosity, equally cruel and impious, to try whether Crœsus, who had so magnificently adorned the temples, and enriched the ministers, of the gods, would be helped in time of need by the miraculous interposition of his much-honoured protectors.

"Meanwhile the unfortunate Lydian, oppressed and confounded by the intolerable weight of his present calamity, compared with the security and splendour of his former state, recollects his memorable conversation with the Athenian sage, and uttered with a deep groan the name of Solon. Cyrus asked, by an interpreter, "whose name he invoked?" "His," replied Crœsus, emboldened by the prospect of certain death, "whose words ought ever to speak to the heart of kings." This reply not being satisfactory, he was commanded to explain at full length the subject of his thoughts. The words of a dying man are fitted to make an impression on the heart. Those of Crœsus deeply affected the mind of Cyrus. The Persian considered the speech of Solon as addressed to himself. He repented of his intended cruelty towards an unfortunate prince, who had formerly enjoyed all the pomp of prosperity, and, dreading the concealed vengeance that might lurk in the bosom of Fate, gave orders that the pyre should be extinguished."—*Ibid.*

Thou
Wast fain to shed 'some natural tears' at sight
So grievous.—

Note 4—Page 15.

"When the king beheld all the Hellespont crowded with ships, and all the shore, with the plains of Abydos,

covered with his troops, he at first congratulated himself as happy, but he afterwards burst into tears."

Beloë's Herodotus.

What subject for reflection is there not in the above simple and unadorned fact! But it has received various glosses. Thus Glover—

“ As down
 Th’ immeasurable ranks his sight was lost,
 A momentary gloom o’ercast his mind ;
 While this reflection fill’d his eyes with tears—
 That, soon as time a hundred years had told,
 Not one among those millions should survive.
 Whence, to obscure thy pride, arose that cloud ?
 Was it that once humanity could touch
 A tyrant’s heart ? Or rather did thy soul
 Repine, O Xerxes, at the bitter thought
 That all thy pow’r was mortal ??”

Leonidas : Book iv.

*There Paros, dear to art, his lofty brow
 Shadowy amid the emerald sea erects ;
 Revealing to the curious eye alone
 His dazzling caves, &c.*

Note 5—Page 17.

“ Paros was a rich and powerful island, and well known in ancient times for its famous marble, which was always used by the best statuaries. The best quarries were those of Marpesus, a mountain where still caverns of the most extraordinary depth are seen by modern travellers, and admired as the sources from whence the Labyrinth of Egypt and the porticoes of Greece received their splendour. According to Pliny, the quarries were so uncommonly deep, that in the clearest weather the workmen

were obliged to use lamps, from which circumstance the Greeks have called the marble *Lychnites*, worked by the light of lamps.

"The Parian marbles, perhaps better known by the appellation of *Arundelian*, were engraved in this island in capital letters, B. C. 264, and, as a valuable chronicle, preserved the most celebrated epochas of Greece from the year 1582 B. C. These marbles now belong to the University of Oxford, to which they were presented by the Earl of Arundel."

Lempriere.

*And thou the marvel of each wondering age,
At once the shame and glory of the world,
Majestic Parthenon!*

Note 6—Page 20.

The temple of Minerva, commonly called the Parthenon, was erected during the administration of Pericles, about four hundred and thirty five years before the Christian era. It was nearly entire in the year 1687, when the Venetians, under Morosini, having besieged the citadel, this with many other noble monuments of the ancients suffered irreparable injury. A part of the temple of Minerva had been converted into a powder room; and a red hot ball having penetrated the roof, a destructive explosion was the consequence. This may be termed the fatal era of the Parthenon; for the Venetians were only the precursors of other depredators and destroyers, among whom was a British nobleman, who, with an ostensible love for the arts, has done much towards the demolition of an edifice which had been the admiration of all preceding times, and which, even in ruins, is one of the proudest monuments of human genius.

If the Greeks, in spite of the frowns of power, and the avarcy of mankind, should be able to achieve their indepen-

dence, one of the early acts of their government should be to decree the restoration of the Parthenon. I do not mean that they should begin to labour upon it in that state of exhaustion in which they must be left after their sanguinary, but glorious struggle; yet I should hope that the project would be steadily kept in view. It is to be presumed, that in this event, the British Parliament would send back the sculptures of *Phidias*, and that the king of France would follow the laudable example. Every block should be replaced. The inscription (as translated) may then read thus:—

ERECTED BY PERICLES.

DEFACED AND VIOLATED BY THE BARBARIANS.

RESTORED

BY THE PEOPLE OF GREECE.

*That precious fane, the Goths of every age,
The Christian and the Infidel, had spar'd;
For thee alone to mar the beauteous work,
. It was reserv'd.*

Note 7—Page 21.

The beautiful little edifice called Pandrosus, with the temples of Minerva Polias and Erechtheus (all three constituting one building, though forming in fact as many different temples) and the majestic pillars of the Parthenon, comprehend the principal remains of ancient grandeur upon the Acropolis. The roof of the portico of the temple of Pandrosus was supported by six colossal caryatides, one of which Lord Elgin removed. The Greek inhabitants of Athens, with that acute sensibility for which they have always been remarkable, now imagine that they hear at certain times mournful sounds proceeding from the

remaining figures, as if they were lamenting the absence of that which was so wantonly torn away. The removal of the figure is much to be regretted, because it will precipitate the destruction of the building; and because, though beautiful in its place, it is not, as a work of art, particularly estimable.

I am not surprised that lord Byron was unable to suppress his indignation at the conduct of the Earl of Elgin and his agents. The Earl was welcome to the *Nereus*, to the *Neptune*, and to a thousand other precious fragments; but no one can think of the destruction of the frieze of the Parthenon, without execrating the hands which were employed in its demolition.

Thou phrenesied Gaul!

Note 8—Page 22.

A Frenchman, some years ago, conceived the thought of transporting the temple of Theseus to France; what infatuation! Yet an idea of this kind was not new. We are told that an Earl of Bristol, in the last century, seriously meditated the removal of the beautiful little temple of the Sybil at Tivoli, in order that he might place it in his own park! He was only restrained from committing the outrage by an absolute prohibition of his Holiness.

O what a dream of horrors has been mine!

Note 9—Page 27.

The following affecting appeal from the Greeks at Constantinople to their brethren in London, was first published in a British newspaper; it presents a succinct account of the devastation of the Island of Scio, and will, by every one, be read with the most intense interest. The destruction

of Scio is one of the most disastrous events of modern times, and is scarcely equalled in atrocity in any age of the world. That lovely island has always been represented to us as the garden of the East—a sort of Paradise: What a frightful reverse!

Constantinople, May 22, 1822.

"Dear and beloved Brethren and Countrymen!—We doubt not, that the news contained herein must have already reached you, and fallen like a thunderbolt on your hearts. What more dreadful than the knowledge that our illustrious and innocent countrymen—ten of them in prison here, and those in the Castle of Scio, ninety-five in all—universally esteemed and respected, chosen and held as hostages for more than a year past, have at last, without a single motive, without even the shadow of a personal accusation against them, been barbarously executed? We at first deeply lamented the unmerited restraint put upon the persons of those now no more; their death, ignominious and cruel, in the first burst of grief nearly paralyzed our faculties. Who can, without shuddering, read of the total ruin, the universal desolation, of our famed and once happy isle (Scio); the destruction of all its inhabitants, nearly one hundred thousand, who, except a very few who almost miraculously escaped from those ill-fated shores, have fallen victims to the sword, to fire, hunger, and slavery—that worst of all evils? Who can, without feelings of indignation, without execrating the perpetrators of these horrid acts, behold a whole city lately so flourishing, now one heap of ruins; whole villages, innumerable country seats, a prey to the flames; our celebrated school, library, hospital for the sick, hundreds of churches richly adorned—all, all one confused mass of smoking rubbish! Our island, lately so much frequented by Europeans, and more especially by English families of the first rank, will now have only her ashes to show the pass-

ing stranger. Nor is this, so dreadful in itself, the most dire of our calamities. The slavery of so many respectable women, young people, and children of both sexes, sent off to different parts of Asia—the markets of this city and Smyrna, filled with women and young people of the first rank, and who have received the best education! What can be more dreadful than this? Happy, thrice happy those, whom the steel of the assassin has snatched from scenes so harrowing to the feelings; how miserable those still suffered to exist, who see the sufferings, hear the cries and piteous accents of their wives, children, and relatives, and are witnesses to the barbarous treatment this devoted and innocent people receive, from the wretches who have them in their power! What can be laid to our charge? We poor Sciots, who from the beginning have remained faithful, are rewarded with death and slavery. It is well known, as soon as the Porte heard of the insurrection in the Morea, and sundry islands of the Archipelago, it sent here a Pacha, having with him about three thousand troops; the whole of the expenses of this garrison was defrayed by our island, which, in the course of about fourteen months, paid more than two million seven hundred thousand piasters, each according to his means. Besides that, the Sultan ordered a choice to be made of sixty of the most considerable and respectable from our countrymen, beginning by our Archbishop Plato, the elder, and other principal inhabitants. When the news of the invasion of the imprudent Samiotes first spread in Scio, the principal inhabitants waited on the Pacha to apprise him of it. What was his answer? To send into the Castle, as hostages, some more of these innocent men, and to transport all the provisions out of the city into the citadel, leaving none whatever for the poor inhabitants of the city, who were so numerous. A month after, when the Samiotes landed, the Pacha sent some of the hostages, with sever¹ l Turks.

to prevail on the Samiotes to evacuate the island—but they imprudently resolved to advance, and told these ministers of peace, that they would sooner put them to death than do so. The Pacha then shut himself up in the Castle with all the military, taking with him all the hostages. It was understood, that a number of the peasantry had joined the Samiotes; they were in a manner forced to it, being apprehensive of the Samiotes themselves, and they were only armed with sticks and staves. Eleven days after, the Turkish fleet arrived at the island, and landed fifteen thousand soldiers, who, joined by the three thousand in the Castle, being unable to attack and defeat the three thousand Samiotes, used their weapons against the innocent and disarmed inhabitants, and turned their fury against women and children, killing, burning, and taking into slavery, all the inhabitants of the place; the men they slaughtered, the women and children they brutally treated, and huddled together in one of the large squares, which contained several hundred of the most respectable families; they have not left a stone upon a stone—all destroyed, all ruined! It would fill volumes to record the different scenes of horror which the ruffians were guilty of—humanity shudders at it. But this universal desolation had not yet satisfied the blood-thirsty followers of Mahammed; they had heaped upon their trembling and tender victims all the bitterness of their fanaticism: it remained for them to wreak their vengeance upon their illustrious hostages—men who had always followed the paths of rectitude in their commercial transactions—whose relations were established in almost every commercial city in the known world—men, innocent of any machination against the Turkish government, and who could not, even if they would, have been participators in the rising of the island, since they had been fourteen months under the grasp of the Turkish satrap. Ten of these were

at Constantinople, the remainder at Scio. Lord Strangford made strenuous efforts to save them—neglected no remonstrances—evinced the greatest ardor in the cause of suffering innocence, and thought he had succeeded in sheltering them from their impending fate, having obtained a promise from the Porte that no harm should be done them, when it suddenly gave orders for their execution. The ten in Constantinople were beheaded, and the eighty-five in Scio were hung outside of the Castle, in that very square where so many of the slaves were placed, in sight of the Turkish fleet, who had their decks covered with Greek slaves. Oh! how the heart sickens at such refinement of cruelty, and turns with horror from the malice that could take delight in deriding the mental agony of the innocent sufferers in this tragic scene! What a number of wives were forced to be spectators of the cruel death of the husbands of their affections, to see at the same time their suckling babes, torn from their breasts, thus bereft at once of their support and hopes! Many, driven to despair by this barbarous usage, threw themselves into the sea, others stabbed themselves to prevent the loss of honour, to them worse than death, to which they were every moment exposed from the barbarians. But, alas! let us draw a veil over those who have thus sunk untimely into the grave—let us not harrow up your souls with the recital of such atrocities—their sufferings are over, and their felicity, let us hope, begun.

It is now time to turn your sympathy towards the unfortunate survivors of the general wreck—to call, dear countrymen, your attention to the miserable, naked state of thousands of our Sciots, with which the markets here, at Smyrna, and Scio, are glutted. Picture to yourselves children of the tenderest age, till now nursed with the most delicate attention, driven about with only a piece of cloth round their infant limbs, without shoes or any other cover-

ing, having nothing to live upon but a piece of bread thrown to them by their inhuman keepers—ill treated by them—sold from one to the other, and all, in this deplorable situation, exposed to be brought up in the Mahometan religion, and lose sight of the precepts of our holy faith. We see all this; yet, alas! what can we do here, reduced to three or four, who, if found out, would also be exterminated without mercy? What we could do, we have done; but how little among so many claimants to our charity! You, brothers, friends, and countrymen, are in the capital of England, the centre of philanthropy; you live amongst a people always famed for their generous feelings towards the unfortunate, for their dislike to tyranny, and their support of the oppressed. Beg, pray, entreat, appeal to their feelings, call upon them as Britons, as men, as fellow beings: it is in the cause of humanity, of religion; they cannot, they will not, be deaf to your prayers. They will afford us, as far as lies in their power, the means of redeeming the captive, of aiding those families that are in a state of nudity and starvation, who will soon arrive in almost every port of the Mediterranean, when they have been enabled to fly from a yoke worse than death. We rely upon your endeavours, and still more upon the high character of the nation among whom you inhabit: thousands of hands are raised towards you to claim your interference in behalf of your oppressed countrymen: thousands of hearts will feel grateful for your assistance. Brethren and countrymen, exert yourselves in behalf of humanity.

“With tearful eye we cordially salute you, and beg you will pray to God for our safety.

“YOUR BROTHERS AND COUNTRYMEN.”

In alluding to the catastrophe of Scio, the Hon. Mr. WEBSTER, in his late eloquent speech on the *Greek question*,

speaks of it as "an indescribable enormity"—an appalling monument of barbarian cruelty"—"a scene," said he, "I shall not attempt to describe—a scene from which human nature shrinks shuddering away—a scene having hardly a parallel in the history of fallen man!"

I cannot but indulge a hope that the speech of that great advocate will be immediately translated and forwarded to Greece. It will be a consolation to that unhappy people to know that there are some magnanimous spirits among us, who have the boldness to vindicate their cause, and express a sympathy for their sufferings. The close of the speech is emphatic:—

"I think it right too, Sir, not to be unseasonable in the expression of our regard, and, as far as that goes, in a ministration of our consolation, to a long oppressed and now struggling people. I am not of those who would in the hour of utmost peril withhold such encouragement as might be properly and lawfully given, and when the crisis should be past, overwhelm the rescued sufferer with kindness and caresses. The Greeks address the civilized world with a pathos not easy to be resisted. They invoke our favour by more moving considerations than can well belong to the condition of any other people. They stretch out their arms to the Christian communities of the earth, beseeching them, by a generous recollection of their ancestors, by the consideration of their own desolated and ruined cities and villages, by their wives and children, sold into an accursed slavery, by their own blood, which they seem willing to pour out like water, by the common faith, and in the Name, which unites all Christians, that they would extend to them, at least, some token of compassionate regard."

